HUDIBRAS.

The First PART.

WRITTEN

In the Time of the

Late Wars.

Corrected and Amended,

With Several

ADDITIONS and ANNOTATIONS.

LONDON:

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HUDIBRAS.

The FIRST PART.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE READER.

POeta naſcitur non fit, *is a Sentence of as great Truth as Antiquity; it being moſt certain, that all the acquir'd Learning imaginable is inſufficient to compleat a Poet, without a Natural* Genius, *and Propenſity to ſo Noble and Sublime an Art. And we may without Offence obſerve that many very Learned Men, who have been ambitious to be thought Poets, have only render'd themſelves Obnoxious to that Satyrical Inſpiration, our Author wittily invokes;*

Which made them, though it were in ſpight
Of Nature, and their Stars to write.

On the other side, some who have had very little Human Learning, but were endued with a large share of Natural Wit and Parts, have become the most Celebrated Poets of the Age they lived in. But as these last are Rarae Aves in Terris, *so when the Muses have not disdained the Assistances of other Arts and Sciences, we are then bless'd with those lasting Monuments of Wit and Learning, which may justly claim a kind of Eternity upon Earth. And our Author, had his Modesty permitted him, might with* Horace, *have said,*

Shakespear, D'Avenant, &c.

Exegi Monumentum Ære perennius;

Or with Ovid,

Jamque opus Exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere Vetustas.

The

To the READER.

The Author of this Celebrated Poem, was of this laſt Compoſition; for altho' he had not the Happineſs of an Academical Education, as ſome affirm, it may be perceiv'd, throughout his whole Poem, that he had read much, and was very well accompliſhed in the moſt uſeful Parts of Human Learning.

Rapin *(in his* Reflections*) ſpeaking of the neceſſary Qualities belonging to a Poet; tells us, he muſt have a* Genius *extraordinary, great Natural Gifts, a Wit Juſt, Fruitful, Piercing, Solid, and Univerſal; an Underſtanding, clean and diſtinct; an Imagination, neat and pleaſant; an Elevation of Soul, that depends not only on Art or Study, but is purely a Gift of Heaven, which muſt be ſuſtain'd by a lively Senſe and Vivacity; Judgment to conſider wiſely of Things, and Vivacity for the Beautiful Expreſſion of them, &c.*

Now, how juſtly this Character is due to our Author, I leave to the Impartial Reader, and thoſe of nicer Judgments, who

had the Happineſs to be more intimately acquainted with him.

The Repatation of this Incomparable Poem, is ſo throughly eſtabliſh'd in the World, thatit would be ſuperfluous, if not impertinent, to endeavour any Panegyrick upon it. King Charles II. *whom the judicious Part of Mankind will readily acknowledge to be a Sovereign Judge of Wit, was ſo great an Admirer of it, that he would often pleaſantly quote it in his Converſation. However, ſince moſt Men have a Curioſity to have ſome Account of ſuch* Anonymous *Authors, whoſe Compoſitions have been Eminent for Wit or Learning; I have been deſir'd to oblige them with ſuch Informations, as I could receive from thoſe who had the Happineſs to be acquainted with him, and alſo to rectifie the Miſtakes of the* Oxford *Antiquary, in his* Athenæ Oxonienſes, *concerning him.*

The

To the READER.

THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

SAmuel Butler, *the Author of this Excellent Poem, was born in the Pariſh of* Strenſham *in the County of* Worceſter, *and Baptized there the* 13th *of* Feb. 1612. *His Father, who was of the ſame Name, was an honeſt Country Farmer, who had ſome ſmall Eſtate of his own, but Rented a much greater of the Lord of the Mannor where he lived. However, perceiving in this Son of his an early inclination to Learning, he made a ſhift to have him educated in the Free-School at* Worceſter, *under Mr.* Henry Bright, *where having paſt the uſual Time, and being become an excellent School-Scholar, he went for ſome little time to* Cambridge, *but was never matriculated into that Univerſity; his Father's Abilities not being ſufficient to be at the Charge of an Academical Education, ſo that our Author returned ſoon into his Native Country, and became Clerk to one Mr.* Jefferys *of* Earls-Croom, *an*

Eminent Juſtice of the Peace for that County, with whom he liv'd ſome years in an eaſie and no contemptible Service. Here, by the Indulgence of a kind Maſter, he had ſufficient leiſure to apply himſelf to whatſoever Learning his Inclinations lead him to, which were chiefly Hiſtory and Poetry, to which for his Diverſion, he join'd Muſick and Painting; and I have ſeen ſome Pictures, ſaid to be of his Drawing, which remain'd in that Family, which I mention not for the Excellency of them, but to ſatisfie the Reader of his early Inclinations to that Noble Art, for which alſo he was afterwards entirely beloved by Mr. Samuel Cooper, *one of the moſt Eminent Painters of his Time.*

He was after this recommended to that great Encourager of Learning, Elizabeth *Counteſs of* Kent, *where he had not only the opportunity to conſult all manner of Learned Books, but to converſe alſo with that living Library of Learning, the Great* Mr. Selden.

Our Author liv'd ſome time alſo with Sir Samuel Luke, *who was of an Ancient Family in* Bedfordſhire, *but, to his*

Diſho-

To the READER.

Diſhonour, an Eminent Commander under the Uſurper Oliver Cromwell, *and then it was, as I am inform'd, he Compoſed this Loyal Poem. For tho' Fate more than Choice ſeems to have plac'd him in the Service of a Knight ſo Notorious, both in his Perſon and Politicks; yet by the Rule of Contraries, one may obſerve throughout his whole Poem, that he was moſt Orthodox, both in his Religion and Loyalty. And I am the more induc'd to believe he wrote it about that time, becauſe he had then the Opportunity to converſe with thoſe Living Characters of Rebellion, Nonſenſe, and Hypocriſie, which he ſo Lively and Pathetically expoſes throughout the whole Work.*

After the Reſtauration of King Charles II. *thoſe who were at the Helm minding Money more than Merit, our Author found that Verſe of* Juvenal *to be exactly verified in himſelf;*

Haud facilè emergunt, quorum Virtutibus obſtat,
Res anguſta Domi:

And

And being endued with that Innate Modesty, which rarely finds Promotion in Princes Courts; he became Secretary to Richard *Earl of* Carbury, *Lord President of the Principality of* Wales, *who made him Steward of* Ludlow *Castle, when the Court there was revived. About this time he married one Mrs.* Herbert, *a Gentlewoman of a very good Family, but no Widow, as our* Oxford *Antiquary has reported: She had a competent Fortune, but it was most of it unfortunately lost, by being put out on ill Security, so that it was little Advantage to him. He is reported by our Antiquary, to have been Secretary to his Grace* George *Duke of* Buckingham, *when he was Chancellour to the University of* Cambridge; *but whether that be true or no, 'tis certain, the Duke had a great Kindness for him, and was often a Benefactor to him. But no Man was a more generous Friend to him, than that Mecænas of all Learned and Witty Men,* Charles *Lord* Buckhurst, *now Earl of* Dorset *and* Middlesex; *who, being himself an excellent Poet, knew*

how

how to ſet a juſt Value upon the Ingenious Performances of others, and has often taken care privately to relieve and ſupply the Neceſſities of thoſe, whoſe Modeſty would endeavour to conceal them, of which our Author was a ſignal Inſtance, as ſeveral others have been, who are now living. In fine, the Integrity of his Life, the Acuteneſs of his Wit, and Eaſineſs of his Converſation, had render'd him moſt acceptable to all Men; yet he prudently avoided multiplicity of Acquaintance, and wiſely choſe ſuch only whom his diſcerning Judgment could diſtinguiſh (as Mr. Cowley *expreſſeth it)*

From the Great Vulgar or the Small.

And he having thus liv'd to a good Old Age, Admir'd by all, though perſonally known to few, he departed this Life in the Year 1680, *and was buryed at the Charge of his good Friend Mr.* L--vil *of the* Temple, *in the Yard belonging to the Church of* St. Paul's *Covent-Garden, at the* Weſt-end *of the ſaid Yard, on the*

North-

North-side *under the Wall of the said Church, and under that Wall, which parts the Yard from the Common Highway. And since he has no Monument yet set up for him, give me leave to borrow his Epitaph from that of* Michael Drayton *the Poet, as the Author of Mr.* Cowley's *has partly done before me:*

And though no Monument can claim
To be the Treasurer of thy Name;
This Work, which n'er will die, shall be
An Everlasting Monument to thee.

The Characters of this Poem are for the most part obvious, even to the meanest Pretenders to Learning or History; nor can scarce any one be so Ignorant, as not to know, that the chief Design thereof, is a Satyr against those Incendiaries of Church and State, who in the late Rebellion, under Pretence of Religion, Murthered the best of Kings, to Introduce the worst of Governments; destroy'd the best of Churches, that Hypocrisie, Novelty, and Nonsense, might be predominant amongst us, and overthrow our wholsome Laws and Constitutions, to make way

for

for their Bleſſed *Anarchy and Confuſion, which at laſt ended in Tyranny. But ſince, according to the Proverb,* None are ſo blind, as they that will not ſee; *ſo thoſe who are not reſolv'd to be invinceably Ignorant, I refer, for their farther Satisfaction, to the Hiſtories of* Mr. Fowlis *of Presbytery,* Mr. Walker *of Independency; but more eſpecially to that Incomparable Hiſtory lately Publiſhed, wrote by* Edward *late Earl of* Clarendon, *which are ſufficient to ſatisfie any unbiaſs'd Perſon, that his general Characters are not fictitious: and I could heartily wiſh, theſe Times were ſo reformed, that they were not applicable to ſome even now living. However, there being ſeveral particular Perſons reflected on, which are not commonly known, and ſome old Stories and uncouth Words, which want Explication, we have thought fit to do that Right to their Memories, and for the better Information of the unlearned Readers, to explain them in ſome Additional Annotations, at the end of this Part.*

How often the Imitation of this Poem has been attempted, and with how little Suc-

ceſs,

ceſs, I leave the Readers to Judge; in the Year (63) *there came out a Spurious Book, called,* The Second Part of *Hudibras, which is reflected upon by our Author, under the Character of* Whachum, *towards the latter end of his Second Part: Afterwards came out the* Dutch *and* Scotch Hudibras, Butler's Ghoſt, *the* Occaſional Hypocrite, *and ſome others of the ſame Nature, which compar'd with this,* (Virgil Traveſty *excepted) deſerve only to be condemn'd,* ad Ficum & Piperem; *or if you pleaſe, to more baſe and ſervile Offices.*

Some vain Attempts have been likewiſe made to tranſlate ſome Parts of it into Latin, *but how far they fall ſhort of that Spirit of the* Engliſh *Wit, I leave the meaneſt Capacity that underſtands them to Judge. The following* Simile's *I have heard were done by the Learned Dr.* Harmar, *once* Greek *Profeſſor at* Oxon.

So Learned Taliacotius *from, &c.*

Sic adſcititios naſos de clune toroſi
Vectoris, doctâ ſecuit *Taliacotius* Arte:
Qui potuêre parem durando æquare Parentem.
At poſtquam fato Clunis computruit, ipſum
Una ſympathicum cœpit tabeſcere Roſtrum.

So

To the READER.

So VVind in th' Hypochondres *pent*, &c.

Sic Hypochondriacis incluſa meatibus Aura
Deſinet in crepitum, ſi fertur prona per alvum,
Sed ſi ſumma petat, montiſque invaſerit arcem
Divinus furor eſt, & conſcia Flamma futuri.

So Lawyers leaſt the Bear Defendant, &c.

Sic Legum myſtæ, nè forſan Pax foret, Urſam
Inter furantem ſeſe, Actoremque Moloſſum;
Faucibus Injiciunt clavos dentiſque refigunt
Luctanteſq; canes coxis, coxendiſq; revellunt,
Errores juſtaſque moras obtendere certis,
Judiciumq; prius revocare ut prorſus iniquum.
Tandem poſt aliquod breve reſpiramen utrinque,
Ut pugnas iterent, crebris hortatibus urgent.
Eja! agite ô cives, iterumq; in prælia trudunt.

There are ſome Verſes, which for Reaſon of State, eaſie to be gueſs'd at, were thought fit to be omitted in the firſt Impreſſion, as theſe which follow;

Did not the Learned *Glyn* and *Maynard*,
To make good Subjects Traitors ſtrain hard,
Was not the King by Proclamation,
Declar'd a Traitor thro' the Nation,

And now I heartily wiſh I could gratifie your farther Curioſity with ſome of thoſe Golden Remains, *which are in the Cuſtody of Mr.* Longuevil; *but not having the Happineſs*

pineſs to be very well acquainted with him, nor Intereſt to procure them, I deſire you will be content with the following Copy, which the Ingenious Mr. Aubrey *aſſures he had from the Author himſelf.*

No Jeſuit e'er took in Hand;
To plant a Church in barren Land;
Nor ever thought it worth the while,
A *Swede* or *Ruſs* to reconcile.
For where there is no ſtore of Wealth,
Souls are not worth the Charge of Health;
Spain in *America*, had two Deſigns
To ſell their Goſpel for their Mines.
For had the *Mexicans* been poor,
No *Spaniard* twice had landed on their Shore.
'Twas Gold the Catholick Religion planted,
Which had they wanted Gold, they ſtill had wanted.

The Oxford *Antiquary aſcribes to our Author two Pamphlets, ſuppoſed falſly, as he ſays, to be* William Pryn's. *The one entituled,* Mola Aſinaria, or the Unreaſonable and Inſupportable Burthen, preſs'd upon the Shoulders of this Groaning Nation, *&c.* London 1659, *in one Sheet* 4to. *The other two Letters, one from* John Audland *a Quaker to* Will. Pryn, *the other* Pryn's *Anſwer in three Sheets in* Folio, 1672.

To the READER.

I have also seen a small Poem of one Sheet in Quarto, *on* Du Vall *a Notorious High-way-man, said to be wrote by our Author, but how truly, I know not.*

Inimitable *Butler*'s dead, Alas!
None that survive, can equal *Hudibras.*

HUDIBRAS.

The ARGUMENT of the FIRST *CANTO*.

Sir Hudibras *his passing worth,*
The manner how he sally'd forth:
His Arms and Equipage are shown;
His Horse's Vertues, and his own.
Th' Adventure of the Bear *and* Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

CANTO I.

WHen *civil Dudgeon* first grew high,
And Men fell out they knew not why:
When hard Words, *Jealousies* and *Fears*,
Set folks together by the Ears,
And made them fight like mad or drunk,
For Dame *Religion* as for Punk,

Whoſe honeſty they all durſt ſwear for,
Tho' not a Man of them knew wherefore:
When *Goſpel-Trumpeter*, ſurrounded,
With long-ear'd Rout, to Battel ſounded,
And Pulpit, Drum Eccleſiaſtick,
VVas beat with Fiſt, inſtead of a Stick:
Then did Sir *Knight* abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a Colonelling.

A VVight he was whoſe very ſight wou'd
Entitle him *Mirror of Knight-hood*;
That never bent his ſtubborn Knee
To any thing but Chivalry,
Nor put up Blow, but that which laid
Right VVorſhipful on Shoulder-blade:
Chief of Domeſtick Knights and Errant,
Either for Chartel or for VVarrant:
Great on the Bench, Great in the Saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as ſwaddle.
Mighty he was at both of theſe,
And ſtyl'd of *War* as well as *Peace*.
(So ſome Rats of Amphibious Nature,
Are either for the Land or VVater.)

But

But here our Authors make a Doubt,
Whether he were more Wiſe, or Stout.
Some hold the one, and ſome the other,
But howſoe'er they make a Pother,
The difference was ſo ſmall, his Brain
Outweigh'd his Rage but half a Grain.
Which made ſome take him for a Tool
That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool;
For 't has been held by many, that
As *Mountaigne*, playing with his Cat,
Complains ſhe thought him but an Aſs,
Much more ſhe would Sir *Hudibras*,
(For that's the Name our valiant Knight
To all his Challenges did write.)
But they're miſtaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no ſuch,
VVe grant altho' he had much VVit,
H' was very ſhie of uſing it,
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about.
Unleſs on Holy-Days, or ſo,
As Men their beſt Apparel do.

Beſide 'tis known he could ſpeak *Greek*,
As naturally as Pigs ſqueek:
That *Latine* was no more difficile,
Than to a Blackbird 'tis to whiſtle:
Being rich in both he never ſcanted
His Bounty unto ſuch as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many, that had not one Word.
For *Hebrew* Roots, although th' are found
To flouriſh moſt in barren Ground,
He had ſuch Plenty, as ſuffic'd
To make ſome think him circumcis'd:
And truly ſo, he was perhaps,
Not as a Proſelyte but for Claps.
He was in *Logick* a great Critick,
Profoundly skill'd in Analytick.
He could diſtinguiſh, and divide
A Hair 'twixt *South* and *South VVeſt* ſide:
On either which he would diſpute,
Confute' change hands, and ſtill confute,
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of Argument, a Man's no Horſe.

He'd

He'd prove a Buzzard is no Fowl,
And that a *Lord* may be an Owl;
A Calf an *Alderman*, a Gooſe a *Juſtice*,
And Rooks *Committee-Men* and *Truſtees*.
He'd run in Debt by Diſputation,
And pay with Ratiocination.
All this by Syllogiſm, true
In Mood and Figure, he would do.
For *Rhetorick*, he could not ope
His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope:
And when he hap'ned to break off
I' th' middle of his Speech, or cough,
H' had hard Words, ready to ſhew why,
And tell what Rules he did it by.
Elſe when with greateſt Art he ſpoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other Folk.
For all a *Rhetorician*'s Rules
Teach nothing but to name his Tools.
But, when he pleas'd to ſhew't, his Speech
In loftineſs of ſound was rich,
A *Babyloniſh* Dialect,
Which learned Pedants much affect.

It was a Parti-colour'd Dreſs
Of patch'd and Pye-ball'd Languages:
'Twas *Engliſh* cut on *Greek* and *Latin*,
Like Fuſtian heretofore on Satin.
It had an odd promiſcuous Tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one,
VVhich made ſome think when he did gabble
Th' had heard three Labourers of *Babel*;
Or *Cerberus* himſelf pronounce
A Leaſh of Languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his ſtock would ne'er be ſpent:
And truly to ſupport that Charge
He had Supplies as vaſt and large.
For he could coyn or counterfeit
New words with little or no VVit:
VVords ſo debas'd and hard, no ſtone
VVas hard enough to touch them on.
And when with haſty noiſe he ſpoke 'em,
The Ignorant for current took 'em.
That had the Orator who once
Did fill his Mouth with Pebble ſtones

When

When he harangu'd; but known his Phraſe,
He would have us'd no other ways.
In *Mathematicks* he was greater
Then *Tycho Brahe*, or *Erra Pater*:
For he by *Geometrick* Scale
Could take the Size of *Pots of Ale*;
Reſolve by Signs and Tangents ſtraight,
If *Bread* or *Butter* wanted weight;
And wiſely tell what hour o' th' Day
The Clock does ſtrike by *Algebra*.
Beſide he was a ſhrewd *Philoſopher*;
And had read every Text and Gloſs over;
What e'er the crabbed'ſt Author hath
He underſtood b'implicit Faith,
What ever *Sceptick* could inquire for;
For every *why* he had a *wherefore*:
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as Words and Terms could go.
All which he underſtood by Rote,
And as occaſion ſerv'd, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong:
They might be either ſaid or ſung.

His

His Notions fitted things ſo well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes miſtook the one
For th' other, as Great Clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to Acts,
And knew their Natures by Abſtracts,
Where Entity and Quiddity
The Ghoſt of defunct Bodies fly;
Where Truth in Perſon does appear,
Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.
He knew *what's what*, and that's as high
As *Metaphyſick* Wit can fly.
In *School Divinity* as able
As he that hight *Irrefragable*;
A ſecond *Thomas* or at once
To name them all, another *Duns*.
Profound in all the Nominal
And real ways beyond them all,
For he a Rope of Sand could twiſt
As tough as Learned *Sorboniſt*.
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Scull
That's empty when the Moon is full;

Such

Such as take Lodgings in a Head
That's to be let Unfurniſhed.
He could raiſe Scruples dark and nice,
And after ſolve 'em in a trice:
As if Divinity had catch'd
The Itch, of purpoſe to be ſcratch'd;
Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
And ſtab her ſelf with Doubts profound,
Only to ſhew with how ſmall pain
The Sores of Faith are cur'd again;
Altho' by woful Proof we find,
They always leave a Scar behind.
He knew the Seat of Paradiſe,
Could tell in what Degree it lies:
And, as he was diſpos'd, could prove it,
Below the Moon, or elſe above it.
What *Adam* dreamt of when his Bride
Came from her Cloſet in his ſide:
Whether the Devil tempted her
By a *High-Dutch* Interpreter:
If either of them had a Navel;
Who firſt made Muſick malleable:

Whe-

Whether the Serpent at the Fall
Had Cloven Feet, or none at all.
All this without a Gloſs, or Comment,
He would unriddle in a moment
In proper terms, ſuch as Men ſmatter
When they throw out and miſs the Matter.
For his *Religion* it was fit
To match his Learning and his Wit:
Twas *Presbyterian* true Blew,
For he was of that ſtubborn Crew
Of Errant Saints, whom all Men grant
To be the true Church *Militant*:
Such as do build their Faith upon
The holy Text of *Pike* and *Gun*;
Decide all Controverſies by
Infallible *Artillery*;
And prove their Doctrine Orthodox
By Apoſtolick *Blows* and *Knocks*;
Call Fire and Sword and Deſolation,
A *godly-thorough-Reformation*,
Which always muſt be carry'd on,
And ſtill be doing, never done;

As

As if Religion were intended
For nothing elſe but to be mended.
A Sect, whoſe chief Devotion lies
In odd perverſe Antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding ſomewhat ſtill amiſs:
More peeviſh, croſs, and ſpleenetick,
Than Dog diſtract, or Monky ſick.
That with more care keep Holy-day
The wrong, than others the right way:
Compound for Sins, they are inclin'd to,
By damning thoſe they have no mind to;
Still ſo perverſe and oppoſite,
As if they worſhip'd God for ſpight.
The ſelf-ſame thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free-will they one way diſavow,
Another, nothing elſe allow.
All Piety conſiſts therein
In them, in other Men all Sin,
Rather than fail, they will defie
That which they love moſt tenderly,

Quarrel

Quarrel with *Minc'd Pies*, and diſparage
Their beſt and deareſt Friend *Plum-Porridge*
Fat *Pig* and *Gooſe* it ſelf oppoſe,
And blaſpheme *Cuſtard* through the *Noſe*.
Th' Apoſtles of this fierce Religion,
Like *Mahomet's*, were Aſs and Widgeon,
To whom our Knight by faſt Inſtinct
Of Wit and Temper was ſo linkt,
As if Hypocriſie and Non-ſence
Had got th' Advowſon of his Conſcience.
Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inſide, not the outward:
That next of all we ſhall diſcuſs;
Then liſten, Sirs, it follows, thus.
His tawny *Beard* was th' equal Grace
Both of his VViſdom and his Face;
In Cut and Dye ſo like a Tile,
A ſudden View it would beguile:
The upper part thereof was VVhey,
The nether Orange mixt with Grey.
This hairy Meteor did denounce
The Fall of Scepters and of Crowns;

VVith

With grizly Type did repreſent
Declining Age of Government;
And tell with Hieroglyphick Spade,
Its own Grave and the State's were made.
Like *Sampſon*'s Heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a Nation rue;
Tho' it contributed its own Fall,
To wait upon the publick Downfal.
It was Monaſtick, and did grow
In holy Orders by ſtrict Vow;
Of Rule as ſullen and ſevere,
As that of rigid *Cordeliere*:
'Twas bound to ſuffer Perſecution
And Martyrdom with Reſolution;
T' oppoſe it ſelf againſt the Hate
And Vengeance of th' incenſed State:
In whoſe defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot Irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and ſpit upon, and Martyr'd.
Maugre all which, 'twas to ſtand faſt,
As long as Monarchy ſhould laſt.

But

But when the State ſhould hap to reel,
'Twas to ſubmit to fatal Steel,
And fall, as it was conſecrate
A Sacrifice to fall of State;
Whoſe Thred of Life the fatal Siſters,
Did twiſt together with its Whiskers,
And twine ſo cloſe, that time ſhould never,
In Life or Death, their Fortunes ſever;
But with his ruſty Sickle mow
Both down together at a Blow.
So learned *Taliacotius* from
The brawny part of Porter's Bum,
Cut ſupplemental Noſes, which
Would laſt as long as Parent Breech:
But when the Date of *Nock* was out,
Off dropt the Sympathetick Snout.
His *Back*, or rather Burthen, ſhow'd
As if it ſtoopt with its own Load.
For as *Æneas* bore his Sire
Upon his Shoulders thro' the Fire:
Our Knight did bear no leſs a Pack
Of his own Buttocks on his Back:

Which

Which now had almoſt got the Upper-
Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper.
To poize this equally, he bore
A *Paunch* of the ſame Bulk before:
Which ſtill he had a ſpecial Care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty Fare;
As White-pot, Butter-milk, and Curds,
Such as a Country-houſe affords;
With other Victual, which anon
We further ſhall dilate upon,
When of his Hoſe we come to treat,
The Cup-board where he kept his Meat.
His *Doublet* was of ſturdy Buff,
And though not Sword, yet Cudgel proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his Uſe,
That fear'd no Blows but ſuch as bruiſe.
His *Breeches* were of rugged Woollen.
And had been at the Siege of *Bullen*;
To old King *Harry* ſo well known,
Some Writers held they were his own.
Through they were lin'd with many a piece
Of Ammunition-Bread and Cheeſe,

And fat Black-Puddings, proper Food
For Warriors that delight in Blood.
For, as we ſaid, He always choſe
To carry Victle in his Hoſe,
That often tempted Rats and Mice,
The Ammunition to ſurprize:
And when he put a Hand but in
The one or th' other Magazine,
They ſtoutly in defence on't ſtood,
And from the wounded Foe drew Blood,
And till th'were ſtorm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the Fortify'd Redoubt;
And though Knights Errant, as ſome think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Becauſe when thorough Deſarts vaſt
And Regions deſolate they paſt,
Where Belly-Timber above Ground,
Or under was not to be found,
Unleſs they graz'd, there's not one word
Of there Proviſion on Record:
Which made ſome confidently write,
They had no ſtomachs, but to fight.

'Tis

'Tis falſe: for *Arthur* wore in Hall
Round Table like a Farthingal,
On which, with Shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before his good Knights din'd.
Though 'twas no Table ſome ſuppoſe,
But a huge Pair of round Trunk Hoſe;
In which he carry'd as much Meat
As he and all his Knights could eat,
When laying by their Swords and Truncheons,
They took their Breakfaſts, or their Nuncheons
But let that paſs at preſent, leſt
We ſhould forget where we digreſt;
As Learned Authors uſe, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpoſe come.
His puiſſant *Sword* unto his ſide
Near his undaunted Heart was ty'd,
With Basket-hilt, that would hold Broth,
And ſerve for Fight and Dinner both.
In it he melted Lead for Bullets,
To ſhoot at Foes, and ſometimes Pullets,
To whom he bore ſo fell a Grutch,
He ne'er gave Quarter t' any ſuch.

The trenchant Blade, *Toledo* truſty,
For want of Fighting was grown ruſty,
And ate into it ſelf, for lack
Of ſome Body to hew and hack.
The peaceful *Scabbard* where it dwelt,
The Rancor of its Edge had felt:
For of the lower End two Handful;
It had devoured, 'twas ſo Manful;
And ſo much ſcorn'd to lurk in Caſe,
As if it durſt not ſhew its Face.
In many deſperate Attempts,
Of Warrants, Exigents, Contempts,
It had appear'd with Courage bolder
Than Sergeant *Bum*, invading Shoulder.
Oft had it ta'en poſſeſſion,
And Pris'ners too, or made them run.
This Sword a *Dagger* had his Page,
That was but little for his Age:
And therefore waited on him ſo,
As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.
It was a ſerviceable Dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging,

When

When it had ſtabb'd, or broke a Head,
It would ſcrape Trenchers, or chip Bread,
Toaſt Cheeſe or Bacon, though it were
To bait a Mouſe-trap 'twould not care,
'Twould make clean Shoes, and in the Earth
Set Leeks and Onions, and ſo forth.
It had been 'Prentice to a Brewer,
Where this and more it did endure.
But left the Trade, as many more
Have lately done on the ſame Score:
In th' Holſters, at his Saddle-bow,
Two aged Piſtols he did ſtow,
Among the Surplus of ſuch Meat
As in his Hoſe he could not get.
They were upon hard Duty ſtill,
And every night ſtood Centinel,
To guard the Magazine i' th' Hoſe
From two legg'd and from four legg'd Foes.
Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight
From peaceful home ſet forth to fight.
But firſt with nimble, active Force
He got on th' outſide of his *Horſe*,

For having but one Stirrup ty'd
T' his Saddle, on the further ſide,
It was ſo ſhort h' had much ado
To reach it with his deſp'rate Toe.
But after many ſtrains and heaves,
He got up to his Saddle Eaves.
From whence he vaulted into th' Seat
With ſo much Vigour, Strength, and Heat,
That he had almoſt tumbled over
With his own Weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on Tail and Main,
Which oft he us'd inſtead of Rein.

But now we talk of mounting Steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to ſay ſomething,
Of that which bore our Valiant *Bumkin*.

The Beaſt was ſturdy, large, and tall,
With Mouth of Meal and Eyes of wall;
I would ſay Eye, for h' had but one,
As moſt agree, though ſome ſay none,
He was well ſtay'd, and in his Gate
Preſerv'd a Grave, Majeſtick State.

At Spur or Switch no more he skipt,
Or mended Pace, than *Spaniard* whipt:
And yet ſo fiery he would bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the Ground:
That *Cæſar's* Horſe, who, as Fame goes,
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes,
Was not by half ſo tender hooft,
Nor trod upon the Ground ſo ſoft.
And as that Beaſt would kneel and ſtoop,
(Some write) to take his Rider up:
So *Hudibras* his ('tis well known)
Would often do, to ſet him down.
We ſhall not need to ſay what lack
Of Leather was upon his Back:
For that was hidden under Pad,
And Breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.
His ſtrutting Ribs on Both ſides ſhow'd
Like Furrows he himſelf had plow'd:
For underneath the Skirt of Pannel,
Twixt every two there was a Channel
His dragling Tail hung in the Dirt,
Which on his Rider he would flurt,

Still as his tender Side he prickt,
With arm'd Heel, or with unarm'd, kickt;
For *Hudibras* wore but one Spur,
As wiſely knowing, could he ſtir
To active trot one ſide of's Horſe,
The other would not hang an Arſe.
A *Squire* he had, whoſe Name was *Ralph*,
That in th' Adventure went his half.
Though Writers, for more ſtately Tone,
Do call him *Ralpho*, 'tis all one:
And when we can with Meeter ſafe,
We'll call him ſo, if not, plain *Raph*;
(For Ryhme the Rudder is of Verſes, [ſes.)
With which, like Ships, they ſteer their Cour-
An equal ſtock of Wit and Valour
He had laid in, by Birth a Taylor.
The mighty *Tyrian* Queen that gain'd
With ſubtle Shreds, a Tract of Land.
Did leave it with a Caſtle fair
To his great Anceſtor, her Heir:
From him deſcended croſs-legg'd Knights,
Fam'd for their Faith and Warlike Fights

Againſt

Againſt the bloudy Canibal,
Whom they deſtroy'd both great and ſmall.
This ſturdy Squire, that had as well
As the bold *Trojan* Knight, ſeen Hell,
Not with a counterfeited Paſs
Of Golden Bough, but true Gold-Lace.
His *Knowledge* was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't,
Some call it *Gifts*, and ſome *New Light*.
A liberal Art, that coſts no Pains
Of Study, Induſtry, or Brains.
His wits were ſent him for a Token,
But in the Carriage crackt and broken.
Like Commendation Nine-pence, crookt
With to and from my Love, it lookt,
He ne'er conſider'd it, as loth
To look a Gift-Horſe in the Mouth;
And very wiſely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.
But as he got it freely, ſo
He ſpent it frank and freely too.

For

For Saints themſelves will ſomtimes be
Of Gifts that coſt them nothing, free.
By means of this, with *Hem* and *Cough*,
Prolongers to enlightned Stuff,
He could deep Myſteries unriddle,
As eaſily as thread a Needle;
For as of Vagabonds we ſay,
That they are ne'er beſide their Way:
What e'er Men ſpeak by this *New Light*,
Still they are ſure to be i'th right.
'Tis a *dark-Lanthorn* of the Spirit,
Which none ſee by but thoſe that bear it:
A Light that falls down from on high,
For Spiritual Trades to cozen by:
An *Ignis Fatuus* that bewitches
And leads Men into Pools and Ditches,
To make them *dip* themſelves, and ſound
For *Chriſtendom* in dirty Pond;
To dive, like Wild-fowl, for Salvation,
And fiſh to catch Regeneration.
This Light inſpires, and plays upon
The Noſe of Saint, like Bag-pipe Drone,

And

And ſpeaks through hollow empty Soul,
As through a Trunk, or whiſp'ring Hole,
Such Language as no mortal Ear
But Spiritual Eaves-droppers can hear.
So *Phœbus*, or ſome Friendly Muſe
Into Small Poets Song infuſe;
Which they at ſecond-hand reherſe
Through Reed or Bag-Pipe, Verſe for Verſe.
Thus *Ralph* became infallible,
As three or four legg'd Oracle,
The Ancient Cup, or modern Chair;
Spoke Truth point-blank, though unaware.
For Myſtick Learning, wondrous able
In Magick *Taliſman*, and *Cabal*,
Whoſe primitive Tradition reaches
As far as *Adam's* firſt green Breeches:
Deep ſighted in Intelligences,
Idea's, Atomes, Influences;
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
The Intelligible World could ſay;
A deep Occult Philoſopher,
As learn'd as the *Wild Iriſh* are,

Or

Or Sir *Agrippa*, for profound
And ſolid Lying much renown'd:
He *Anthropoſophus*, and *Floud*,
And *Jacob Behmen* underſtood;
Knew many an Amulet and Charm;
What would do neither good nor harm:
In *Roſy-Crucian* Lore as Learned,
As he that *Vere adeptus* earned.
He underſtood the Speech of Birds
As well as they themſelves do words:
Could tell what ſubtleſt *Parrots* mean,
That ſpeak and think contrary clean,
What *Member* 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry *Rode*, and *Walk*, *Knave*, *Walk*.
He'd extract Numbers out of Matter,
And keep them in a Glaſs, like Water,
Of Sov'reign Pow'r to make Men wiſe;
For dropt in blear, thick-ſighted Eyes,
They'd make them ſee in darkeſt Night,
Like Owls, though pur-blind in the Light
By help of theſe (as he profeſt)
He had *Firſt Matter* ſeen undreſt:

He

He took her naked all alone,
Before one *Rag* of *Form* was on.
The *Chaos* too he had deſcry'd,
And ſeen quite through, or elſe he ly'd:
Not that of Paſt-board, which Men ſhew
For Groats at Fair of *Bartholmew*;
But its great Granſire, firſt o'th' Name.
VVhence that and *Reformation* came
Both Couſin Germans, and right able
T' Inveigle and draw in the Rabble.
But *Reformation* was ſome ſay,
O' th' younger Houſe to *Puppet-play*.
He could foretels whatever was
By conſequence to come to paſs.
As Death of Great Men, Alterations,
Diſeaſes, Battels, Inundations,
All this without th' Eclipſe of Sun,
Or dreadful Comet, he hath done
By inward Light, a way as good,
And eaſie to be underſtood.
But with more lucky hit than thoſe
That uſe to make the Stars depoſe,

Like

Like Knights o' th' Poſt, and falſly charge
Upon themſelves what others forge:
As if they were conſenting to
All miſchief in the World Men do:
Or, like the Dev'l, did tempt and ſway 'em
To Rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll ſearch a Planet's Houſe, to know
Who broke and robb'd a Houſe below:
Examine *Venus*, and the *Moon*
Who ſtole a Thimble or a Spoon:
And though they nothing will confeſs,
Yet by their very Look can gueſs,
And tell what guilty Aſpect bodes,
Who ſtole, and who receiv'd the Goods.
They'll queſtion *Mars*, and by his look
Detect who 'twas that nim'd a Cloke:
Make *Mercury* confeſs, and peach
Thoſe Thieves which he himſelf did teach
They'll find i' th' Phyſiognomies
O' th' Planets, all Mens Deſtinies.
Like him that took the Doctor's Bill,
And ſwallow'd it inſtead o' th' *Pill*.

Caſt

Caſt the Nativity o' th' Queſtion,
And from Poſitions to be gueſt on,
As ſure as if they knew the Moment
Of Natives Birth, tell what will come on't.
They'll feel the pulſes of the Stars,
To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs;
And tell what *Criſis* does Divine
The Rot in Sheep, or Mange in Swine;
In Men what gives or Cures the Itch,
What makes them Cuckolds, poor or rich:
What gains or loſes, hangs or ſaves;
What makes Men great, what Fools or Knaves;
But not what Wiſe, for only of thoſe
The Stars (they ſay) cannot diſpoſe,
No more than can the Aſtrologians,
There they ſay right, and like true *Trojans*.
This *Ralpho* knew, and therefore took
The other Courſe, of which we ſpoke.
Thus was th' Accompliſh'd Squire endu'd
With Gifts and Knowledge, perilous ſhrewd.
Never did truſty Squire with Knight,
Or Knight with Squire jump more right.

Their

Their Arms and Equipage did fit,
As well as Vertues, Parts, and Wit,
Their Valours too were of a Rate,
And out they ſally'd at the Gate,
Few Miles on Horſeback had they jogged,
But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged.
For they a ſad Adventure met,
Of which we now prepare to Treat:
But e'er we venture to unfold
Achievements ſo reſolv'd and bold,
We ſhould, as learned Poets uſe,
Invoke th' Aſſiſtance of ſome *Muſe*;
However Criticks count it ſillier
Than Juglers talking t' a Familiar.
We think 'tis no great Matter which,
They're all alike, yet we ſhall pitch
On one that fits our purpoſe moſt,
Whom therefore thus do we accoſt.
Thou that with Ale viler Liquors,
Didſt inſpire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickars*,
And force them, though it were in ſpight
Of Nature, and their Stars, to write;

Who,

Who, as we find in ſullen Writs,
And croſs-grain'd Works of modern Wits,
With Vanity, Opinion, Want,
The wonder of the Ignorant,
The Praiſes of the Author, Pen'd
B' himſelf, or Wit-enſuring Friend;
The Itch of Picture in the Front,
With Bays, and wicked Rhyme upon't,
All that is left o'th' forked Hill
To make Men ſcribble without Skill;
Canſt make a Poet ſpight of Fate,
And teach all People to tranſlate;
Though out of Languages in which
They underſtand no Part of Speech.
Aſſiſt me but this once, I'mplore,
And I ſhall trouble thee no more.
In VVeſtern Clime there is a Town
To thoſe that dwell therein well known.
Therefore there needs no more be ſed here,
VVe unto them refer our Reader:
For brevity is very good,
VVhen w' are or are not underſtood.

To this Town People did repair
On days of Market, or of Fair;
And to crack'd Fiddle, and hoarſe Tabor,
In Merriment did drudge and labor:
But now a Sport more formidable
Had rak'd together Village Rabble.
'Twas an old way of Recreating,
VVhich learned Butchers call *Bear-Baiting*.
A bold advent'rous Exerciſe,
With ancient *Hero's* in high Prize;
For Authors do affirm it came
From *Iſthmian*, or *Nemean* Game.
Others derive it from the *Bear*
That's fixt in Northern Hemiſphere,
And round about the Pole does make
A Circle, like a Bear at Stake,
That at the Chain's End wheels about,
And over-turns the Rabble-Rout,
For after Solemn Proclamation
In the Bear'sName (as is the Faſhion,
According to the Law of Arms,
To keep Men from inglorious Harms)

That

That none preſume to come ſo near
As forty Foot of Stake of Bear;
If any yet be ſo fool-hardy,
T' expoſe themſelves to vain Jeopardy;
If they come wounded off and lame,
No Honour's got by ſuch a Maim,
Although the Bear gain much, b'ing bound
In Honour to make good his Ground,
When he's engag'd, and take no notice,
If any preſs upon him, who 'tis,
But lets them know at their own Coſt
That he intends to keep his Poſt.
This to prevent, and other Harms,
Which always wait on Feats of Arms,
(For in the Hurry of a Fray
'Tis hard to keep out of Harm's way)
Thither the *Knight* his courſe did ſteer,
To keep the Peace 'twixt *Dog* and *Bear*;
As he believ'd he was bound to do
In Conſcience and Commiſſion too.
And therefore thus beſpoke the Squire;
We that are wiſely mounted higher

Than Conſtables, in Curule Wit,
When on Tribunal Bench we ſit,
Like Speculators ſhould foreſee,
From *Pharos* of Authority,
Portended Miſchiefs farther then
Low Proletarian Tithing Men.
And therefore being inform'd by Brute,
That *Dog* and *Bear* are to diſpute;
For ſo of late Men fighting name,
Becauſe they often prove the ſame;
(For where the firſt does hap to be,
The laſt does *coincidere.*)
Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
To ſave th' Expence of Chriſtian Blood,
And try if we by Mediation
Of Treaty and Accommodation
Can end the Quarrel, and compoſe
The bloudy Duel, without Blows.
Are not our Liberties, our Lives,
The Laws, Religion, and our Wives,
Enough at once to lye at ſtake
For *Cov'nant* and the *Cauſe's* Sake?

But

But in that Quarrel *Dogs* and *Bears*,
As well as we muſt venture theirs?
This Feud by *Jeſuits* invented,
By *evil Counſel* is fomented;
There is a *Machiavilian* Plot,
(Though ev'ry *Nare olfact* it not)
A deep Deſign in't to divide
The well affected that confide,
By ſetting Brother againſt Brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not Enemies *plus ſatis*,
That *Cane & Angue pejus* hate us?
And ſhall we turn our Fangs and claws
Upon our own ſelves without Cauſe?
That ſome occult Deſign doth ly
In bloudy *Cynarctomachy*,
Is plain enough to him that knows
How Saints lead Brothers by the noſe.
I wiſh my ſelf a Pſeudo-Prophet,
But ſure ſome Miſchief will come of it?
Unleſs by Providential Wit,
Or Force, we averruncate it.

For what Deſign, what Intereſt
Can Beaſt have to encounter Beaſt?
They fight for no eſpouſed *Cauſe*,
Frail *Privilege*, *Fundamental Laws*;
Nor for a *thorough Reformation*,
Nor *Covenant*, nor *Proteſtation*;
Nor *for free Liberty of Conſcience*,
Nor Lords and Commons *Ordinances*;
Nor for the *Church*, nor for *Church-Lands*,
To get them in their own no Hands;
Nor *évil Conſellours* to bring
To juſtice that ſeduce the King;
Nor for the Worſhip of us Men,
Though we have done as much for them.
Th' *Ægyptians* worſhip'd *Dogs* and, for
Their Faith made internecine War.
Others ador'd a *Rat*, and ſome
For that Church ſuffer'd Martyrdome.
The *Indian* fought for the Truth
Of th' *Elephant*, and *Monkey's* Tooth:
And many, to defend that Faith,
Fought it out *mordicus* to Death.

But

But no Beaſt ever was ſo ſlight,
For Man, as for his God to fight.
They have more Wit, alas! and know
Themſelves and us better than ſo.
But we, who only do infuſe
The Rage in them like *Boute-feus*.
'Tis our Example that inſtills
In them th' Infection of our Ills.
For as ſome late Philoſophers
Have well obſerv'd, Beaſts that converſe
With Man, take after him, as Hogs
Get Pigs all th' Year, and Bitches Dogs.
Juſt ſo, by our Example, Cattel
Learn to give one another Battel.
We read, in *Nero's* time, the Heathen,
When they deſtroy'd the *Chriſtian Bretheren*,
They ſow'd them in the Skins of Bears,
And then ſet Dogs about their Ears:
From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
Of this lewd Antichriſtian Game.
To this, quoth *Ralpho*, Verily,
The point ſeems very plain to be.

It is an Antichriſtian Game,
Unlawful both in Thing and Name.
Firſt for the *Name*, the word *Bear-Baiting*
Is carnal, and of Man's creating:
For certainly there's no ſuch Word
In all the *Scripture* on Record,
Therefore unlawful, and a Sin;
And ſo is (ſecondly) the *Thing*.
A vile *Aſſembly* 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by Scripture than
Provincial, *Claſſick*, *National*;
Mere Human Creature-Cobwebs all.
Thirdly, It is Idolatrous.
For when Men run a-whoring thus
With their Inventions, whatſoe'er
The thing be, whether *Dog* or *Bear*,
It is Idolatrous and *Pagan*,
No leſs than worſhiping of *Dagon*.
Quoth *Hudibras*, I ſmell a *Rat*;
Ralpho, thou doſt prevaricate.
For though the *Theſis* which thou lay'ſt,
Be true *ad amuſſim* as thou ſay'ſt,

(For

(For that *Bear-Baiting* ſhould appear
Jure Divino lawfuller
Than *Synods* are, thou doſt deny,
Totidem verbis, ſo do I)
Yet there's a Fallacy in this,
For if by ſly *Homæoſis*,
Tuſſis pro crepitu, an Art
Under a Cough to ſlur a F--t
Thou wouldſt Sophiſtically imply
Both are unlawful, I deny.
And I (quoth *Ralpho*) do not doubt
But *Bear-Baiting* may be made out
In Goſpel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial or *Parochial Claſſis*:
And that both are ſo near of Kin,
And like in all, as well as Sin,
That put them in a Bag and ſhake 'em,
Your ſelf o' th' ſudden would miſtake 'em,
And not know which is which, unleſs
You meaſure by their Wickedneſs:
For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
O' th' two is worſt, though I name neither,

Quoth

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou offer'ſt much,
But art not able too keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' Adage,
Id eſt, to make a Leek a Cabbage,
Thou'lt be at beſt but *ſuch a Bull*
Or Shear Swine, All Cry and no Wool;
For what can *Synods* have at all
With *Bears* that's Analogical?
Or what relation has debating
Of Church-Affairs with *Bear-Baiting*?
A juſt Compariſon ſtill is,
Of things *ejuſdem generis*:
And then what *Genus* rightly doth
Include and comprehend them both?
If *Animal*, both of us may
As juſtly paſs for *Bears* as they.
For we are Animals no leſs,
Although of different *Specieſes*.
But, *Ralpho*, this is no fit Place,
Nor Time to argue out the Caſe:
For now the Field is not far off,
Where we muſt give the World a Proof

Of

Of Deeds, not Words, and ſuch as ſute
Another manner of Diſpute.
A Controverſy that affords
Actions for Arguments, not Words:
Which we muſt manage at a Rate
Of Proweſs and Conduct, adæquate
To what our Place and Fame doth promiſe,
And all the godly expect from us.
Nor ſhall they be deceiv'd, unleſs
W' are ſlur'd and outed by Succeſs:
Succeſs, the mark no mortal VVit,
Or ſureſt hand can always hit:
For whatſoe'r we perpetrate,
VVe do but row, w' are ſteer'd by Fate,
VVhich in Succeſs oft diſinherits,
For ſpurious Cauſes, nobleſt Merits.
Great Actions are not always true Sons
Of great and mighty Reſolutions:
Nor do the Bold'ſt Attempts bring forth
Events ſtill equal to their Worth?
But ſome times fail, and in their ſtead
Fortune and Cowardice ſucceed.

Yet

Yet we have no great Cauſe to doubt
Our Actions ſtill have born us out.
Which though th' are known to be ſo ample,
We need not Copy from Example,
We're not the only Perſon durſt
Attempt this Province, nor the firſt.
In Northern Clime a Val'rous Knight
Did whilom kill his *Bear* in Fight,
And wound a Fidler: we have both
Of theſe the Objects of our Wroth,
And equal Fame and Glory from
Th' Attempt of Victory to come.
Tis ſung, there is a Valiant *Mamaluke*
In foreign Land, yclep'd----
To whom we have been oft compar'd
For Perſon, Parts Addreſs, and Beard;
Both equally reputed ſtout,
And in the ſame Cauſe both have fought;
He oft in ſuch Attempts as theſe
Came off with Glory and Succeſs,
Nor will we fail in th' Execution,
For want of equal Reſolution.

Honour

Honour is, like a Widow, won
With brisk Attempt and putting on:
With entring manfully, and urging,
Not ſlow Approaches, like a Virgin.
This ſaid, as yerſt the *Phrygian* Knight,
So ours, with ruſty Steel did ſmite
His *Trojan* Horſe, and juſt as much
He mended Pace upon the Touch;
But from his empty Stomach groan'd
Juſt as that hollow Beaſt did ſound,
And angry anſwer'd from behind,
With brandiſh'd Tail and blaſt of Wind.
So have I ſeen with armed Heel,
A Wight beſtride a *Common-weal*;
While ſtill the more he kick'd and ſpurr'd,
The leſs the ſullen Jade has ſtirr'd

The ARGUMENT of the SECOND CANTO.

The Catalogue and Character
Of th' Enemies best Men of War;
Whom, in a bold Harangue, the Knight
Defies, and challenges to fight:
H' encounters Talgol, *routs the* Bear,
And takes the Fidler *Prisoner;*
Conveys him to enchanted Castle,
There shuts him fast in Wooden Bastile.

CANTO II.

THere was an ancient sage *Philosopher*,
That had read *Alexander Ross* over,
And swore the World, as he could prove,
Was made of *Fighting* and of *Love*:
Just so *Romances* are, for what else
Is in them all, but *Love* and *Battles*?
O' th' first of these w' have no great Matter
To treat of, but a World o' th' latter:
In which to do the injur'd Right,
We mean in what concerns just fight.

Certes

Certes our Authors are too blame,
For to make ſome well-ſounding Name,
A Pattern fit for modern Knights
To copy out in Frays and Fights,
(Like thoſe that a whole ſtreet do raze
To build a Palace in the Place.)
They never care how many others
They kill without regard of Mothers;
Or Wives, or Children, ſo they can
Make up ſome fierce dead-doing Man,
Compos'd of many Ingredient Talors
Juſt like the Manhood of nine Taylors,
So a while *Tartar* when he ſpies
A Man that's handſome, valiant, wiſe,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His Wit, his Beauty, and his Spirit:
As if juſt ſo much he enjoy'd
As in another is deſtroy'd.
For when a Giant's ſlain in Fight,
And mow'd o'rthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy Caſe, no doubt,
A Man ſhould have his Brains beat out,

Becauſe

Becauſe he's tall, and has large Bones;
As Men kill Beavers for their Stones.
But as for our Part, we ſhall tell
The naked Truth of what befell;
And as an equal Friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
VVith neither Faction ſhall take part,
But give to each his due Deſert:
And never coin a formal Lie on't,
To make the *Knight* o'ercome the *Giant*.
This b'ing profeſt, we hope's enough,
And now go on where we left off.
They rode, but Authors having not
Determin'd whether Pace or Trot,
(That is to ſay, whether *Tollutation*,
As they do term't, or *Succuſſation*)
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppoſe they did, no matter how,
Yet ſome from ſubtile Hints have got
Myſterious Light, it was a Trot.
But let that paſs: They now begun
To ſpur their living Engines on.

For

For as whipp'd Tops and bandy'd Balls,
The learned hold are Animals:
So Horſes they affirm to be
Mere Engines made by Geometry,
And were invented firſt from Engins,
As *Indian Britains* were from *Penguins*.
So let them be, and as I was ſaying,
They their live Engines ply'd, not ſtaying
Until they reach'd the fatal Champain,
Which the Enemy did then Incamp on.
The dire *Pharſalian* Plain, where Battel
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puiſſant Cattel,
And fierce Auxiliary Men,
That came to aid their Brethren:
Who now began to take the Field
As Knight from ridge of Steed beheld.
For as our modern Wits behold,
Mounted a Pick-back on the Old,
Much further off, much further he
Raiſ'd on his aged Beaſt could ſee:
Yet not ſufficient to deſcry
All Poſtures of the Enemy,

Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further
To obſerve their Numbers and their Order.
That when their Motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Mean while he ſtopp'd his willing Steed,
To fit himſelf for martial Deed:
Both kinds of Metal he prepar'd,
Either to give Blows, or to ward;
Courage and Steel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better or for worſe.
His Death charg'd Piſtols he did fit well,
Drawn out from Life-preſerving Vittel.
Theſe being prim'd, with Force he labour'd
To free's Sword from retentive Scabbord:
And after many a painful Pluck,
From ruſty durance he bail'd Tuck.
Then ſhook himſelf to ſee that Prowels
In Scabbard of his Arms ſat looſe;
And rais'd upon his deſperate Foot,
On Stirrup ſide he gaz'd about.
Portending Bloud, like Blazing Star,
The Beacon of approaching War.

Ralpho

Ralpho rode on with no leſs Speed
Than *Hugo* in the Foreſt did,
But far more in returning made,
For now the Foe he had ſurvey'd,
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With *Van*, *main Battel*, *Wings* and *Rear*.
In th' Head of all this VVarlike Rabble
Crowdero march'd, expert and able:
Inſtead of Trumpet and of Drum,
That makes the Warriors Stomach come,
VVhoſe Noiſe whets Valour ſharp like Beer
By Thunder turn'd to Vinegar.
(For if a Trumpet ſound or Drum beat,
Who has not a Month's Mind to combat?)
A ſqueaking Engine he apply'd
Unto his Neck, on North-Eaſt ſide,
Juſt where the Hangman does dipoſe
To ſpecial Friends the fatal Nooſe:
For 'tis *Great Grace* when *Stateſmen* ſtrait
Diſpatch a Friend, let others wait.
His warped *Ear* hung o'er the Strings.
Which was but *Souce* to *Chitterlings*:

For Guts, ſome write, e'er they are ſodden,
Are fit for Muſick, or for Pudden:
From whence Men borrow ev'ry kind
Of Minſtrelſy, by String or Wind.
His grizly *Beard* was long and thick,
With which he ſtrung his Fiddle-ſtick:
For he to Horſe-Tayl ſcorn'd to ow,
For what on his own Chin did grow,
Chiron, the four-legg'd Bard, had both
A Beard and Tail of his own Growth;
And yet by Authors 'tis averr'd,
He made uſe only of his Beard.
In *Staffordſhire* where Virtuous Worth
Does raiſe the Minſtrelſy, not Birth;
Where Bulls do chuſe the boldeſt King
And Ruler, o'er the Men of String;
(As once in *Perſia*, 'tis ſaid, [neigh'd)
Kings were Proclaim'd by a Horſe that
He bravely vent'ring at a Crown,
By Chance of War was beaten down,
And wounded ſore: his *Leg* then broke,
Had got a Deputy of Oke:

For

For when a Shin in Fight is cropt,
The Knee with one of Timber's propt;
Esteem'd more Honourable than the other,
And takes Place, tho' the younger Brother.
Next march'd brave *Orsin*, famous for
Wise Conduct, and Success in War:
A skilful Leader, stout, severe,
Now Marshal to the Champion Bear,
With Truncheon tipp'd with Iron-Head,
The Warrior to the Lists he led;
With solemn March, and stately Pace,
But far more grave and solemn Face:
Grave as the Emperor of *Pegu*,
Or *Spanish* Potentate *Don Diego*.
This Leader was of Knowledge great,
Either for Charge, or for Retreat.
He knew when to fall on Pell-mell,
To fall back and retreat as well.
So Lawyers, lest the *Bear* Defendant,
And Plantiff *Dog* should make an end on't,
Do stave and tail with *Writs of Error*,
Reverse of Judgment, and *Demurrer*,

To let them breath a while, and then
Cry wohop, and ſet them on agen.
As *Romulus* a Wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a Bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd Prey
Of many a fierce and bloudy Fray;
Bred up, where Diſcipline moſt rare is,
In Military *Garden-Paris.*
For Soldiers heretofore did grow
In Gardens, juſt as Weeds do now;
Uutil ſome ſplay-foot Politicians
T' *Apollo* offer'd up Petitions,
For licenſing a new Invention
Th' ad found out, of an Antique Engine,
To root out all the Weeds that grow
In publick Gardens at a Blow,
And leave th' Herbs ſtanding. Quoth Sir *Sun*
My Friends, that is not to be done,
Not done? quo' *Stateſmen*; yes, an't pleaſe ye,
When tis once known, you'll ſay 'tis eaſie.
Why then let's know it, quoth *Apollo*;
We'll beat a Drum, and they'll all follow.

A Drum (quoth *Phœbus*) troth that's true,
A pretty Invention quaint and new.
But though of Voice and Inſtrument
We are ('tis true) chief Preſident;
We ſuch loud Muſick do not profeſs,
The Devil's Maſter of that Office,
Where it muſt paſs, if 't be a Drum,
He'll ſign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*
To him apply your ſelves, and he
Will ſoon diſpatch you for his Fee.
They did ſo, but it prov'd ſo ill,
Th' had betterhave let 'em grow there ſtill.
But to reſume what we diſcourſing
Were on before; that is, ſtout *Orſin*:
That which ſo oft by ſundry Writers
Has been apply'd t' almoſt all Fighters,
More juſtly may b' aſcrib'd to this,
Than any other Warrior (*viz.*)
None ever acted both Parts bolder,
Both of a Chieftain and a Soldier,
He was of great Deſcent, and high,
For Splendor and Antiquity,

And from Celeſtial Origine
Deriv'd himſelf in a right Line.
Not as the antient *Heroes* did,
Who, that their baſe Births might be hid,
(Knowing they were of doubtful Gender,
And that they came in at a Windore)
Made *Jupiter* himſelf, and others
O' th' Gods, Gallants to their own Mothers,
To get on them a Race of Champions,
(Of which old *Homer* firſt made *Lampoons.*)
Arctophylax in Northern Sphere
Was his undoubted Anceſtor:
From him his Great Fore-fathers came,
And in all Ages bore his Name.
Learned he was in Med'c'nal Lore,
For by his Side a Pouch he wore,
Replete with ſtrange Hermetick Powder,
That Wounds 9 Miles point-blank would ſol-
By skilful *Chymiſt* with great Coſt [der,
Extracted from a Rotten Poſt;
But of a Heav'nlier Influence
Than that which Mountebanks diſpenſe;

Though

Though by *Promethean* Fire made,
As they do quack that drive that Trade.
For as when Slovens do amiſs
At others Doors by Stool or Piſs,
The Learned write, a Red-hot Spit
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
VVill convey miſchief from the Dung
Unto the part that did the wrong:
So this did healing, and as ſure
As that did miſchief, this would cure.
Thus virtuous *Orſin* was endu'd
VVith Learning, Conduct, Fortitude,
Incomparable: and as the Prince
Of Poets, *Homer*, ſung long ſince,
A skilful Leech is better far
Than half a hundred Men of VVar;
So he appear'd, and by his skill,
No leſs than Dint of Sword could kill.
The Gallant *Bruin* march'd next him,
VVith Viſage formidably grim,
And rugged as a *Saracen*,
Or *Turk* of *Mahomet*'s own Kin;

Clad

Clad in a Mantle *della Guer*
Of rough impenetrable Fur;
And in his Noſe, like *Indian* King,
He wore for Ornament a Ring;
About his Neck a three-fold Gorget,
As tough as trebled leathern Target;
Armed, as Heraulds *cant*, and *langued*,
Or, as the Vulgar ſay, *ſharp fanged*.
For as the Teeth in Beaſts of Prey
Are Swords, with which they fight in Fray,
So Swords in Men of War, are Teeth,
Which they do eat their Vittle with.
He was by Birth, ſome Authors write,
A *Ruſſian*, ſome a *Muſcovite*,
And 'mong the *Coſſacks* had been bred,
Of whom we in *Diurnals* read,
That ſerve to fill up Pages here,
As with their Bodies Ditches there.
Scrimansky was his Couſin-German,
With whom he ſerv'd, and fed on Vermin:
And when theſe fail'd he'd ſuck his Claws,
And quarter himſelf upon his Paws.

And though his Countrey-Men the *Huns:*
Did ſtew their Meat between their *Bums*,
And th'HorſesBacks,o'er which theyStraddle,
And ev'ry Man eat up his Saddle.
He was not half ſo nice as they,
But eat it raw when't came in's Way.
He had trac'd Countries far and near,
More than *Le Blanc* the Traveller;
Who writes, He Spous'd in *India*,
Of Noble Houſe, a Lady gay,
And got on her a Race of Worthies
As ſtout as any upon Earth is.
Full many a Fight for him between
Talgol and *Orſin* oft had been;
Each ſtriving to deſerve the Crown
Of a ſav'd Citizen; the one
To guard his *Bear*, the other fought,
To aid his *Dog*; both made more ſtout
By ſev'ral Spurs of Neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and Blood;
But *Talgol*, mortal Foe to Cows,
Never got ought of him but Blows;

Blows hard and heavy, ſuch as he
Had lent, repay'd with Uſury.
Yet *Talgol* was of Courage ſtout,
And vanquiſh'd oftner than he fought:
Injur'd to labour, ſweat, and toyl,
And, like a Champion, ſhone with Oyl.
Right many a VVidow his keen Blade,
And many Fatherleſs, had made.
He many a *Boar* and huge *Dun Cow*
Did, like another *Guy*, o'erthrow.
But *Guy* with him in Fight compar'd,
Had like the *Boar* or *Dun Cow* far'd.
VVith greater Troops of Sheep h' had fought
Than *Ajax*, or bold *Don Quixot*;
And many a Serpent of fell Kind,
With Wings before and Stings behind,
Subdu'd: as Poets ſay, long agone
Bold Sir *George*, *Saint George* did the *Dragon*
Nor Engine, nor Device Polemick,
Diſeaſe, nor Doctor Epidemick,
Tho' ſtor'd with Deletery Med'cines,
(Which whoſoever took is Dead ſince)

E'er

E'er ſent ſo vaſt a Colony
To both the under Worlds as he.
For he was of that noble Trade
That *Demi-Gods* and *Heroes* made,
Slaughter and knocking on the head;
The Trade to which they all were bred:
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but baſe if mean.
The former rides in Triumph for it;
The latter in a two-wheel'd Chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So ſacred, with vile Bungling.
Next theſe the brave *Magnano* came,
Magnano, great in martial Fame.
Yet when with *Orſin* he wag'd fight,
'Tis ſung he got but little by't.
Yet he was fierce as Foreſt Boar,
Whoſe Spoils upon his Back he wore,
As thick as *Ajax* ſeven-fold Shield,
Which o'er his brazen arms he held;
But Braſs was feeble to reſiſt
The Fury of his Armed Fiſt.

Nor

Nor could the hardeſt Ir'n hold out
Againſt his Blows, but they would through't.
In *Magick* he was deeply read,
As he that made the *Brazen-Head*;
Profoundly Skill'd in the Black Art,
As *Engliſh Merlin* for his Heart;
But far more skilful in the Sphears.
Than he was at the Sieve and Shears.
He could transform himſelf in Colour.
As like the Devil as a Collier?
As like as Hypocrites in Show
Are to true Saints, or Crow to Crow.
Of Warlike Engines he was Author,
Devis'd for quick Diſpatch of Slaughter:
The *Cannon*, *Blunder-buſs*, and *Saker*
He was th' Inventor of and Maker:
The *Trumpet*, and the *Kettle-Drum*
Did both from his Invention come.
He was the firſt that e'er did teach
To make, and how to ſtop a Breach.
A Lance he bore, with Iron Pike,
Th' one half would thruſt, the other ſtrike:

And when their Forces he had join'd,
He ſcorn'd to turn his Parts behind.
He *Trulla* lov'd, *Trulla* more bright
Than burniſh'd Armour of her Knight:
A bold *Virago* ſtout and tall
As *Joan* of *France*, or *Engliſh Mall*.
Through Perils both of VVind and Limb,
Through thick and thin ſhe follow'd him,
In ev'ry Adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forſook.
At Breach of VVall, or Hedge ſurprize:
She ſhar'd in th' Hazard and the Prize:
At beating Quarters up, or Forage,
Behav'd her ſelf with matchleſs Courage,
And laid about in Fight more buſily,
Than th' *Amazonian* Dame, *Pentheſile*.
And tho' ſome Criticks here cry Shame,
And ſay our Authors are to blame,
That (ſpight of all Philoſophers,
VVho hold no Females ſtout, but Bears,)
And heretofore did ſo abhor
Their VVomen ſhould pretend to VVar.

They

They would not ſuffer the ſtout'ſt Dame
To ſwear by *Hercules* his Name,)
Make feeble Ladies in their Works,
To fight like *Termagants* and *Turks*;
To lay their Native Arms aſide,
Their Modeſty, and ride a-ſtride;
To run a-tilt at Men, and wield
Their naked Tools in open Field;
As ſtout *Armida*, bold *Thaleſtris*,
And ſhe that would have been the Miſtreſs
Of *Gundibert*, but he had Grace,
And rather took a Country Laſs:
They ſay 'tis falſe, without all Senſe,
But of pernicious Conſequence
To Government, which they ſuppoſe
Can never be upheld in Proſe:
Strip Nature naked to the Skin,
You'll find about her no ſuch thing.
It may be ſo, yet what we tell
Of *Trulla*, that's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by thoſe have ſeen't,
Or, what's as good, produc'd in Print:

And

And if they will not take our Word,
We'll prove it true upon Record,
The upright *Cerdon* next advanc't
Of all his Race the Valiant'ſt:
Cerdon the Great, renew'd in Song,
Like *Herc'les*, for Repair of Wrong:
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
The weak againſt the ſtrongeſt Side,
Ill has he read, that never hit
On him, in Muſes deathleſs Writ.
He had a Weapon keen and fierce,
That through a Bull hide Shield would pierce
And cut it in a thouſand Pieces,
Tho' tougher than the Kinght of *Greece* his;
With whom his black-thumb'd Anceſtor
Was Comerade in the ten Years War:
For when the reſtleſs *Greeks* ſate down
So many Years before *Troy* Town,
And were Renown'd, as *Homer* writes,
For *well-ſoal'd Boots*, no leſs than Fights?
They ow'd that Glory only to
His Anceſtor, that made them ſo.

Faſt Friend he was to *Reformation*,
Until 'twas worn quite out of Faſhion.
Next Rectifier of Wry *Law*,
And would make three to cure one Flaw.
Learned he was, and could take Note,
Tranſcribe, Collect, Tranſlate and Quote.
But *Preaching* was his chiefeſt Talent,
Or Argument, in which b'ing valiant,
He us'd to lay about and ſtickle,
Like Zam, or Bull, at *Conventicle*:
For Diſputants like *Rams* and *Bulls*,
Do fight with *Arms* that ſpring from *Sculls*.
Laſt *Colon* came, bold Man of VVar,
Deſtin'd to Blows by Fatal Star;
Right expert in Command of Horſe,
But cruel, and without Remorſe.
That which of *Centaure* long ago
VVas ſaid, and has been wreſted to
Some other Knights, was true of this,
He and his *Horſe* were of a piece.
One Spirit did inform them both,
The ſelf-ſame Vigour, Fury, VVroth:

Yet he was much the rougher Part,
And always had a harder Heart;
Although his Horſe had been of thoſe
That fed on Mans Fleſh, as Fame goes,
Strange Food forHorſe! and yet alas,
It may be true, for *Fleſh is Graſs.*
Sturdy he was, and no leſs able
Than *Hercules* to cleanſe a Stable;
As great a Drover, and as great
A Critick too in Hog or Neat.
He ripp'd the Womb up of his Mother,
Dame *Tellus*, 'cauſe ſhe wanted Fother,
And Provender wherewith to feed
Himſelf, and his leſs-cruel Steed.
It was a Queſtion whether He
Or's Horſe were of a Family
More worſhipful: till Antiquaries
(After th'ad almoſt por'd out their Fyes)
Did very learnedly decide
The Buſineſs on the Horſe's ſide,
And prov'd not only Horſe, but Cows,
Nay Pigs, were of the elder Houſe:

For Beasts, when Man was but a piece
Of Earth himself, did th' Earth possess.
These Worthies were the Chief that led
The Combatants each in the head.
Of his Command, with Arms and Rage,
Ready and longing to engage.
The numerous Rabble was drawn out
Of several Countries round about,
Erom Villages remote, and Sheirs,
Of East and Western Hemispheres:
From foreign Parishes and Regions,
Of different Manners, Speech, Religions,
Came Men and Mastiffs; some to fight
For Fame and Honour, some for sight,
And now in Field of Death, the Lists,
Were entred by Antagonists,
And Bloud was ready to be broached;
When *Hudibras* in haste approached,
With Squire and Weapons to attack 'em:
But first thus from his *Horse* bespake 'em.
What Rage, O Citizens, what Fury
Doth you to these dire Actions hurry?

What

What *Oeſtrum*, what Phrenetick Mood
Makes you thus laviſh of your Blood,
While the proud *Vies* your Trophies boaſt,
And unreveng'd walks----Ghoſt?
What Towns, what Gariſons might you
With Hazard of this Bloud ſubdue,
Which now y' are bent to throw away
In vain, Untriumphable Fray?
Shall *Saints* in civil Bloudſhed wallow
Of *Saints*, and let the *Cauſe* lie fallow?
The *Cauſe*, for which we fought and ſwore
So boldly, ſhall we now give o're?
Then becauſe Quarrels ſtill are ſeen
With Oaths an Swearing to begin,
The *Solemn League* and *Covenant*
Will ſeem a meer *God-dam me* Rant;
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as Drunkards that fall out.
For as we make War *for the King*
Againſt himſelf, the ſelf-ſame thing,
Some will not ſtick to ſwear we do
For *God*, and for *Religion* we too,

For if *Bear-beating* we allow,
What good can *Reformation* do?
The Blood and Treaſure that's laid out,
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are theſe the Fruits o' th' *Proteſtation*,
The Prototype of *Reformation*.
Which all the *Saints*, and ſome, ſince *Martyrs*,
Wore in their Hats like Wedding-Garters,
When 'twas reſolv'd by either Houſe
Six Nembers Quarrel to eſpouſe?
Did they, for this, draw down the Rabble,
With Zeal and Noiſes formidable;
And make all *Cries* about the Town
Join Throats to cry the *Biſhops* down?
Who having round begirt the Palace,
(As once a month they do the *Gallows*)
As Members gave the Sign about,
Set up their Throats with hideous Shout.
When *Tinkers* bawl'd aloud, to ſettle
Church-Diſcipline, for patching *Kettle*.
No *Sow-gelder* did blow his Horn
To geld a Cat, but cry'd *Reform*.

The

The *Oyſter-Women* lock'd their Fiſh up,
And trudg'd away to cry *No Biſhop.*
The *Mouſe-Trap-Men* laid *Save-alls* by,
And 'gainſt *Ev'l Counſellors* did cry.
Botchers left old Cloaths in the Lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the *Church.*
Some cry'd the *Covenant* inſtead
Of *Puddding-pies* and *Ginger-Bread:*
And ſome for *Brooms* and *Shoes*, *old Boots*,
Baul'd out to *purge the Common's Houſe:*
Inſtead of *Kitchin-ſtuff*, ſome cry,
A *Goſpel-preaching-Miniſtry;*
And ſome for *Old Suits*, *Coats*, or *Cloak*,
No *Surplices*, nor *Service-Book.*
A ſtrange harmonious Inclination
Of all Degrees to *Reformation.*
And is this all? Is this the End
To which theſe *Carr'ings on* did tend?
Hath *Publick Faith*, like a young Heir,
For this tak'n up all ſorts of Ware,
And run int' ev'ry Tradeſman's Book,
Till both turn'd Bankrupts, and are broke?

Did *Saints* for this bring in their *Plate*,
And crowd as if they came to late?
For when they thought the *Cauſe* had need on't
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
Did they coin *Piſs-pots*, *Bouls*, and *Flaggons*,
Int' Officers of Horſe, and Dragoons;
And into Pikes and Muſqueteers
Stampt *Beakers*, *Cups*, and *Porringers*?
A *Thimble*, *Bodkin*, and a *Spoon*
Did ſtart up living Men, as ſoon
As in the Furnace they were thrown,
Juſt like the *Dragon's Teeth* b'ing ſown.
Then was the *Cauſe* all Gold and Plate,
The *Brethrens* Off'rings, conſecrate
Like th' *Hebrew-Calf*, and down before it
The *Saints* fell proſtrate, to adore it,
So ſay the *Wicked*----and will you
Make that Sarcaſmous Scandal true,
By running after Dogs and Bears,
Beaſts more unclean than Calves or Steers?
Have *pow'rful Preachers* ply'd their Tongues,
And *laid* themſelves *out* and their Lungs:

Us'd

Us'd all Means, both direct and ſiniſter,
I' th' Power of *Goſpel-Preaching Miniſter*?
Have they invented *Tones* to win
The *Women*, and make them draw in
The Men, as *Indians* with a Female
Tame Elephant inveigle the Male?
Have they told *Prov'dence* what it muſt do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to truſt to?
Diſcover'd th' *Enemy's* Deſign,
And which way beſt to countermine:
Preſcrib'd what ways he hath to work,
Or it will ne'er advance the *Kirk*;
Told it the *News* o'th' laſt Expreſs,
And after good or bad Succeſs;
Made Prayers, not ſo like Petitions,
As *Overtures* and Propoſitions,
(Such as the *Army* did preſent
To their Creator th' *Parliament*)
In which they freely will confeſs,
They will not, cannot *acquieſce*,
Unleſs the *Work* be carry'd on
In the ſame way they have begun,

By

By ſetting Church and Common-weal
All on a Flame bright as their Zeal,
On which the Saints were all-a-gog,
And all this for a *Bear* and *Dog*?
The Parliament drew up *Petitions*
To't ſelf, and ſent them, like Commiſſions,
To *Well-affected* Perſons down,
In ev'ry City and great Town;
With Pow'r to levy Horſe and Men,
Only to bring them back agen:
For this did many, a Mile,
Ride manfully in Rank and File,
With *Papers* in their Hats, that ſhow'd
As if they to the *Pillory* rode.
Have all theſe Courſes, theſe Efforts,
Been try'd by People of all Sorts,
Velis, & Remis, omnibus Nervis,
And all t' advance the *Cauſe's* Service?
And ſhall all now be thrown away
In petulant inteſtine Fray?
Shall we that in the *Cov'nant* ſwore,
Each man of us to run before

Another

Another ſtill in *Reformation*,
Give *Dogs* and *Bears* a Diſpenſation?
How will *diſſenting Brethren* reliſh it?
What will *Malignants* ſay? *Videlicet*,
That each Man ſwore to do his beſt,
To damn and perjure all the reſt:
And bid *the Devil take the hindmoſt*,
Which at this Rate is like to win moſt.
They'll ſay our Bus'neſs to *reform*
The Church and State, is but a Worm;
For to ſubſcribe, unſight, unſeen,
T' an unknown Church Diſcipline.
What is it elſe, but before-hand,
T' ingage, and after underſtand?
For when we ſwore to carry on
The preſent *Reformation*,
According to the pureſt Mode
Of Churches, beſt Reform'd abroad,
What did we elſe but make a Vow
To do we knew not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where, or what Churches theſe ſhould be.

And

And is indeed the ſelf-ſame Caſe
With theirs that ſwore t' *Et cætera's*;
Or the *French League*, in which Men vow'd
To fight to the laſt Drop of Bloud,
Theſe Slanders will be thrown upon
The *Cauſe* and *Work* we carry on,
If we permit Men to run headlong
T' Exorbitancies fit for *Bedlam*,
Rather than *Goſpel-walking* times,
When ſlighteſt Sins are greateſt Crimes.
But we the Matter ſo ſhall handle,
As to remove that odious Scandal,
In Name of King and Parliament,
I charge ye all, no more foment.
This Feud, but keep the Peace between
Your Bretheren and your Country-Men;
And to thoſe Places ſtraight repair
Where your reſpective dwellings are.
But to that purpoſe firſt ſurrender
The *Fidler*, as the Prime Offender,
Th' Incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and Enginier of miſchief;

That

That makes diviſion between Friends,
For prophane and malignant ends.
He and that Engine of vile noiſe.
On which illegally he plays,
Shall (*dictum factum*) both be *brought*
To condign Puniſhment as they ought.
This muſt be done, and I would fain ſee
Mortal ſo ſturdy as to gain-ſay:
For then I'll take another courſe,
And ſoon *Reduce* you all by force.
This ſaid, he clapt his Hand on Sword,
To ſhew he meant to keep his word.
But *Talgol* who had long ſuppreſt
Enflamed Wrath in glowing Breaſt.
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as Flame in Furnace,
Thus anſwer'd him. Thou Vermin wretched,
As e'er in Weazel'd Pork was hatched;
Thou Tail of Worſhip that doſt grow
On Rump of Juſtice as of Cow;
How dar'ſt thou with that ſullen Luggage
O' th' ſelf, old Ir'n and other Baggage,

With

With which thy Steed of Bones and Leather
Has broke his Wind in halting hither;
How durſt th' I ſay, adventure thus
T' oppoſe thy Lumber againſt us?
Could thine Impertinence find out
No Work t' employ it ſelf about,
Where thou, ſecure from Wooden Blow,
Thy Buſy Vanity might'ſt ſhow?
Was no Diſpute a-foot between
The *Caterwauling Bretheren*?
No ſubtle Queſtion rais'd among
Thoſe *out-o'-their Wits*, and thoſe i' th' Wrong;
No Prize between thoſe Combatants
O' th' times the Land and Water-*Saints*;
Where thou might'ſt *ſtickle without Hazard*
Of Outrage to thy Hide and Wazzard,
And not for want of bus'neſs come
To us to be thus troubleſome,
To interrupt our better Sort
Of Diſputants, and ſpoil our Sport?
Was there no Felony, no Bawd,
Cut-Purſe, nor Burglary abroad?

No

No *Stollen Pig*, nor *Plunder'd Gooſe*,
To tye thee up from breaking looſe?
No Ale unlicens'd, broken Hedge,
For which thou Statute might'ſt alledge,
To keep thee buſie from foul evil,
And ſhame due to thee from the Devil;
Did no Committee ſit, where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee;
And ſet th' a task, with ſubordination,
To ſtitch up *ſale* and *ſequeſtration*
To *cheat* with *Holineſs* and *Zeal*
All Parties, and the Common-weal?
Much better had it been for thee,
H' had kept thee where th' art us'd to be;
Or ſent th' on bus'neſs any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither.
But if th'haſt Brain enough in Scull
To keep it ſelf in lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of Stones
And Cudgels to thy Hide and Bones;
Tremble, and vaniſh while thou may'ſt
Which I'll not promiſe if thou ſtay'ſt.

At this the *Knight* grew high in wroth,
And *lifting Hands* and *Eyes up* both
Three times he ſmote on ſtomach ſtout,
From whence at length theſe words broke out.
Was I for this entit'led *Sir*,
And girt with truſty Sword and Spur,
For Fame and Honour to wage Battle,
Thus to be brav'd by Foe to Cattle?
Not all that Pride that makes thee ſwell
As big as thou doſt blown-up Veal;
Nor all thy tricks and ſlights to cheat,
And ſell thy Carrion for good meat;
Not all thy Magick to repair
Decay'd old Age in tough lean ware,
Make Natural Death appear thy Work,
And ſtop the Gangreen in ſtale Pork;
Not all that Force that makes thee proud,
Becauſe by Bullock ne'er withſtood;
Though arm'd with all thy Clevers, Knives,
And Axes made to hew down Lives;
Shall ſave or help the to evade
The hand of Juſtice, or this Blade,

Which

Which I, her Sword-Bearer, do carry,
For civil Deed and Military.
Nor ſhall theſe Words of Venom baſe,
Which thou haſt, from their Native place,
Thy Stomach, pump'd to fling on me,
Go unreveng'd, though I am free.
Thou down the ſame Throat ſhalt devour 'em,
Like tainted Beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor ſhall it e'er be ſaid, that VVight
VVith Gantlet blue and Baſes white,
And round blunt Dudgeon by his ſide,
So great a Man at Arms defy'd
VVith words far bitterer than VVormwood,
That would in *Job* or *Grizel* ſtir mood
Dogs with their Tongues their Wounds do heal;
But Men with Hands, as thou ſhalt feel.
This ſaid, with haſty rage he ſnatch'd
His Gun-ſhot, that in Holſters watch'd;
And bending Cock, he level'd full
Againſt th' outſide of *Talgol's* Skull;
Vowing that he ſhould ne'er ſtir further,
Nor henceforth Cow or Bullock murther.

But *Pallas* came in ſhape of Ruſt,
And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer thruſt
Her *Gorgon* ſhield, which made the Cock
Stand ſtiff as if 'twere turn'd t' aſtock.
Mean while fierce *Talgol* gath'ring might,
With rugged Truncheon charg'd the *Knight*,
And he with Petronel upheav'd,
Inſtead of Sheild, the Blow receiv'd.
The Gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to ſuch a kind of fight,
And ſhrunk from its great Maſter's gripe,
Knock'd down and ſtunn'd with mortal ſtripe.
Then *Hudibras* with furious haſte
Drew out his Sword; yet not ſo faſt,
But *Talgol* firſt with hardy thwack
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back.
But when his nut-brown Sword was out,
Couragiouſly he laid about,
Imprinting many a Wound upon
His mortal Foe the Truncheon,
The truſty Cudgel did oppoſe
It ſelf againſt dead-doing blows,

To guard its Leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd it ſelf again.
And though the Sword (ſome underſtood)
In force had much the odds of Wood;
'Twas nothing ſo, both ſides were ballanc't
So equal, none knew which was valiant'ſt.
For Wood with Honour being engag'd,
Is ſo implacably enrag'd,
Though Iron hew and mangle ſore,
Wood wounds and bruiſes Honour more,
And now both *Knights* were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot purſuit of Death;
While all the reſt amaz'd ſtood ſtill,
Expecting which ſhould take, or kill.
This *Hudibras* obſerv'd, and fretting
Conqueſt ſhould be ſo long a getting,
He drew up all his force into
One Body, and that into one Blow.
But *Talgol* wiſely avoided it
By cunning ſlight; for had it hit,
The Upper part of him the Blow
Had ſlit, as ſure as that below.

Mean while th' incomparable *Colon*,
To aid his Friend began to fall on,
Him *Ralph* encountred, and ſtraight grew
A fierce Diſpute betwixt them two:
Th' one arm'd with Metal, th' other with Wood;
This fit for bruiſe, and that for Bloud.
With many a ſtiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard Crab-tree and old Iron rang;
While none that ſaw them could divine
To which ſide Conqueſt would encline
Untill *Magnano*, who did envy
That two ſhould with ſo many Men vye,
By ſubtle ſtratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where Thiſtles grew on barren ground,
In haſte he drew his Weapon out,
And having crop'd them from the Root
He clapp'd them under th' Horſe's Tail
With prickles ſharper than a Nail.
The angry Beaſt did ſtraight reſent
The wrong done to his Fundament,

Begun

Begun to kick, and fling and wince,
As if h' had been beſide his ſenſe;
Striving to diſingage from Thiſtle
That gaul'd him ſore under his Tail;
Inſtead of which he threw the pack
Of *Squire* and Baggage from his back;
And blundring ſtill with ſmarting rump,
He gave the Knight's Steed ſuch a thump,
As made him reel. The *Knight* did ſtoop
And ſate on further ſide aſlope.
This *Talgol* viewing, who had now
By flight eſcap'd the fatal blow
He rally'd, and again fell to't;
For catching him by nearer foot,
He lifted with ſuch might and ſtrength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And daſh'd his brains (if any) out,
But *Mars* that ſtill protects the ſtout,
In Pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the *Bear* convey'd;
The *Bear*, upon whoſe ſoft Fur-Gown
The *Knight* with all his weight fell down.

The Friendly Rug preſerv'd the ground,
And headlong *Knight* from bruiſe or wound:
Like Feather-bed betwixt a Wall,
And heavy brunt of Cannon ball.
As *Sancho* on a Blanket fell,
And had no hurt; ours far'd as well
In Body, though his mighty Spirit,
B'ing heavy, did not ſo well bear it,
The *Bear* was in a greater fright,
Beat down and worſted by the *Knight*,
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To ſhake off bondage from his Snout.
His Wrath enflam'd boil'd o'r, and from
His jaws of Death he threw the ſome;
Fury in ſtranger poſtures threw him,
And more than ever Herauld drew him.
He tore the Earth, which he had ſav'd
From ſquelch of *Knight*, and ſtorm'd and rav'd,
And vext the more, becauſe the harms
He ſelf were 'gainſt the *Law of Arms*:
For Men he always took to be
His Friends, and Dogs the Enemy:

Who

Who never ſo much hurt had done him,
As his own ſide did falling on him,
It griev'd him to the Guts, that they
For whom h' had fought ſo many a Fray,
And ſerv'd with Loſs of Bloud ſo long,
Should offer ſuch inhumane wrong;
Wrong of unſoldier-like Condition:
For which he flung down his Commiſſion:
And laid about him, till his Noſe
From Thrall of Ring and Cord broke looſe.
Soon as he felt himſelf enlarg'd,
Through thickeſt of his Foes he charg'd,
And made way through th' amazed Crew,
Some he o'er-ran, and ſome o'er-threw,
But took none; for by haſty Flight
He ſtrove t' avoid the Conquering *Knight*.
From whom he fled with as much Haſte
And Dread as he the Rabble chac'd.
In Haſte he fled, and ſo did they,
Each and his Fear a ſev'ral Way.
Crowdero only kept the Field,
Not ſtirring from the place he held,

Though beaten down and wounded ſore,
I' th' Fiddle, and a Leg that bore
One ſide of him, not that of Bone;
But much its better, th' wooden one.
He ſpying *Hudibras* lye ſtrow'd
Upon the Ground like Log of Wood,
With fright of Fall ſuppoſed Wound,
And loſs of Urine, in a Swound,
In haſte he ſnatch'd the wooden Limb
That hurt in th' Ankle lay by him,
And fitting it for ſudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the *Knight*
For getting up on Stump and Huckle,
He with the Foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
Of Crowd and Skin upon the Wretch,
Sole Author of all Detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent.
But *Ralpho* (who had now begun
T' adventure reſurrection
From heavy ſquelch, and had got up
Upon his Legs with ſprained Crup)

Looking

Looking about, beheld the Bard
To charge the *Knight* intranc'd prepar'd,
He ſnatch't his Whiniard up, that fled
When he was falling off his Steed,
(As Rats do from a falling Houſe,)
To hide it ſelf from rage of blows;
And wing'd with ſpeed and fury, flew
To reſcue *Knight* from black and blew.
Which e'er he could Achieve, his Sconce
The Leg encounter'd twice and once;
And now 'twas rais'd to ſmite agen,
When *Ralpho* thruſt himſelf between,
He took the Blow upon his Arm,
To ſhield the *Knight* from further Harm;
And joyning Wrath with Force, beſtow'd
On th' VVooden Member ſuch a Load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it prop'd before.
To him the *Squire* right nimbly run,
And ſetting his bold Foot upon
His Trunk, thus ſpoke: VVhat *deſp'rate Frenzy*
Made thee, (thou VVhelp of Sin) to fancy

Thy

Thy ſelf and all that Coward Rabble
T' encounter us in Battel able?
How durſt th', I ſay, oppoſe thy Curſhip
'Gainſt Arms, Authority, and Worſhip?
And *Hudibras*, or me Provoke,
Though all thy Limbs were Heart of Oke,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out Blows as that of Wood?
Could not the Whipping-Hoſt prevail
VVith all its Rhet'rick, nor the Jayl,
To keep from flaying Scourge thy Skin,
And Ancle free from Iron Gin?
VVhich now thou ſhalt---but firſt our care
Muſt ſee how *Hudibras* doth fare.
This ſaid, he gently rais'd the *Knight*,
And ſet him on his Bum upright:
To rouze him from Lethargick Dump,
He tweak'd his Noſe, with gentle Thump
Knock'd on his Breaſt, as if t' had been
To raiſe the Spirits lodg'd within.
They, wakened with the Noiſe, did fly
From inward Room to VVindow Eye,

And

And gently op'ning Lid, the Caſement,
Lookt out, but yet with ſome Amazement.
This gladded *Ralpho* much to ſee,
Who thus beſpoke the *Knight* : quoth he,
Tweaking his Noſe, you are, great Sir,
A *Self-denying* Conqueror ;
As high, victorious and great,
As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give your ſelf but leave
To make out what y' already have ;
That's Victory, the Foe for dread
Of your Nine-Worthineſs, is fled,
All, ſave *Crowdero*, for whoſe ſake
You did th' eſpous'd *Cauſe* undertake ;
And he lies Pris'ner at your Feet,
To be diſpos'd as you think meet.
Either for Life, or Death, or Sale,
The Gallows, or perpetual Jayl.
For one wink of your pow'rful Eye
Muſt ſentence him to live, or dye.
His Fiddle is your proper purchace,
VVon in the Service of the *Churches* ;

And

And by your doom muſt be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a *Crowd*.
For though ſucceſs did not confer
Juſt Title on the Conquerer;
Though *diſpenſations* were not ſtrong
Concluſions whether right or wrong;
Although *Out-goings* did not confirm,
And *owning* were but a meer term:
Yet as the *wicked* have no *right*
To th' Creature, though uſurp'd by might,
The property is in the *Saint*,
From whom th' injuriouſly detain't;
Of him they hold their Luxuries,
Their Dogs, their Horſes, Whores and Dice,
Their Riots, Revels, Masks, Delights,
Pimps, Buffoons, Fidlers, Paraſites,
All which the *Saints* have *Title* to.
And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.
What we take from them is no more
Than what was ours by right before.
For we are their true *Landlords* ſtill,
And they our *Tenants* but at Will.

At

At this the *Knight* begun to rouſe,
And by degrees grow valorous.
He ſtar'd about, and ſeeing none
Of all his Foes remain, but one,
He ſnatcht his Weapon that lay near him;
And from the ground began to rear him;
Vowing to make *Crowdero* pay
For all the reſt that ran away.
But *Ralpho* now in colder Blood,
His Fury mildly thus withſtood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty Spirit
Is raiſ'd too high, this Slave does merit
To be the Hangman's Buſ'neſs, ſooner
Than from your hand to have the Honour
Of his Deſtruction, I that am
A nothingneſs in Deed and Name,
Did ſcorn to hurt his forfeit Carcaſs,
Or ill intreat his Fiddle or Caſe.
Will you, Great Sir, that Glory blot
In cold Bloud, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your Conqu'ring Sword,
To break a Fiddle and your Word?

For

For though I fought, and overcame,
And Quarter gave, 'twas in your Name.
For Great Commanders always own
What's proſperous by the Soldier done.
To ſave, where you have Power to kill,
Argues your Pow'r above your Will:
And that your Will and Pow'r have leſs
Than both might have of Selfiſhneſs.
This Pow'r which now alive with Dread
He trembles at, if he were dead,
Would no more keep the Slave in Aw
Than if you were a Knight of Straw:
For Death would then be his Conqueror:
Not you, and free him from that Terror.
If Danger from his Life accrue,
Or Honour from his Death to you;
Twere Policy and Honour too,
To do as you reſolv'd to do,
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your Valour much,
To ſay it needs or fears a Crutch.
Great Conquerors greater Glory gain
By Foes in Triumph led, than ſlain:

The

The Laurels that adorn their Brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead Boughs,
And living Foes the greateſt Fame
Of Cripple ſlain can be but lame.
One half of him's already ſlain,
The other is not worth your Pain,
Th' Honour can but on one ſide light,
As Worſhip did when y' were dubb'd *Knight*.
Wherefore I think it better far,
To keep him Priſoner of VVar:
And let him faſt in Bonds abide,
At *Court of Juſtice* to be try'd:
VVhere if h' appear ſo bold or crafty;
There may be Danger in his Safety;
If any Member there diſlike
His Face, or to his Beard have Pike;
Or if his Death will ſave, or yield,
Revenge or Fright, it is *reveal'd*,
Though he has Quarter, ne'ertheleſs
Y' have Pow'r to hang him when you pleaſe;
This has been often done by ſome
Of our great Conquerors, you know whom:

And

And has by moſt of us been held
Wiſe Juſtice, tnd to ſome *reveal'd*
For Words and Promiſes that yoke
The Conqueror, are quickly broke,
Like *Sampſon's* Cuffs, though by his own
Direction and Advice put on.
For if we ſhould fight for the *Cauſe*
By rules of Military Laws,
And only do what they call juſt,
The *Cauſe* would quickly fall to Duſt.
This we among our ſelves may ſpeak,
But to the *Wicked* or the *Weak*,
We muſt be cautious to declare
Perfection-Truths, ſuch as theſe are.
This ſaid, the high, outragious Mettle
Of *Knight*, began to cool and ſettle.
He lik'd the *Squire's* Advice, and ſoon
Reſolv'd to ſee the Buſineſs done:
And therefore charg'd him firſt to bind
Crowdero's Hands on Rump behind,
And to its former Place and Uſe
The Wooden Member to reduce:

But

But force it take an *Oath* before,
Ne'er to bear Arms againſt him more.
Ralpho diſpatch'd with ſpeedy haſte,
And having ty'd *Crowdero* faſt,
He gave Sir *Knight* the End of Cord,
To lead the Captive of his Sword
In triumph, whilſt the Steeds he caught,
And them to further Service brought.
The *Squire* in State, rode on before,
And on his nut-brown Whiniard bore
The Trophee-*Fiddle* and the *Caſe*,
Leaning on Shoulder like a Mace.
The *Knight* himſelf did after ride,
Leading *Crowdero* by his ſide,
And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind;
Like Boat againſt the Tide and Wind.
Thus grave and ſolemn they march on,
Until quite thro' the Town th' had gone,
At further end of which their ſtands
An ancient Caſtle, that commands
Th' adjacent Parts; in all the Fabrick
You ſhall not ſee one Stone nor a Brick,

But all of Wood, by Pow'rful Spell
Of Magick made impregnable;
There's neither Iron-Bar, nor Gate,
Portcullis, Chain, nor Bolt, nor Grate;
And yet Men durance there abide,
In Dungeon ſcarce three Inches wide;
With Roof ſo low, that under it
They never ſtand, but lye, or ſit;
And yet ſo foul, that whoſo is in,
Is to the Middle-leg in Priſon,
In Circle Magical confin'd,
With Wall of ſubtle Air and Wind,
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until th' are freed by Head of Borough.
Thither arriv'd th' advent'rous *Knight*
And bold *Squire* from their Steeds alight,
At th' outward Wall, near which there ſtands
A Baſtile, built t' impriſon Hands;
By ſtrange Enchantment made to fetter
The leſſer parts, and free the greater,
For though the Body may creep through,
The Hands in Grate are faſt enough.

And

And when a Circle 'bout the Wriſt
Is made by Beadle Exorciſt,
The Body feels the Spur and Switch,
As if 'twere ridden Poſt by 'Witch
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er ſtirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a Spire,
On which Sir *Knight* firſt bids the *Squire*
The *Fiddle*, and its Spoils, the *Caſe*,
In manner of a Trophy, place.
That done, they ope the Trap-door-gate,
And let *Crowdero* down thereat.
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like Hermit poor in penſive Place,
To Dungeon they the Wretch commit,
And the Survivor of his feet:
But th' other that had broke the peace,
And head of Knighthood, they releaſe,
Though a *Delinquent* falſe and forged,
Yet b'ing a Stranger he's enlarged;

While his Comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapt up fast in Prison for't.
So Justice, while she winks at Crimes,
Stumbles on Innocence sometimes.

A

The

The ARGUMENT of the THIRD CANTO.

The ſcatter'd Rout return and rally,
Surround the Place; the Knight *does ſally,*
And is made Pris'ner: Then they ſeize
Th' Inchanted Fort by Storm, releaſe
Crowdero, *and put the* Squire *in's Place.*
I ſhould have firſt ſaid, Hudibras.

CANTO III.

AH me! What Perils do inviron
The Man that meddles with cold Iron!
What plaguy Miſchiefs and Miſhaps
Do dog him ſtill with After-Claps!
For though Dame Fortune ſeem to ſmile
And leer upon him for a while;
She'll after ſhew him, in the nick
Of all his Glories, a Dog-trick.
This any Man may ſing or ſay
I' th' Ditty call'd, *What if a Day*;

For *Hudibras*, who thought h' had won
The Field as certain as a Gun,
And having routed the whole Troop,
With Victory was Cock-a-hoop;
Thinking h' had done enough to purchase,
Thanksgiving-day among the *Churches*,
Wherein his Mettle and brave Worth
Might be explain'd by *Holder-forth*,
And Regiſter'd by Fame Eternal,
In Deathleſs Pages of *Diurnal*?
Found in few minutes to his Coſt,
He did but *Count without his Hoſt*:
And that a *Turn ſtile* is more certain,
Than in events of War Dame Fortune.

For now the late faint-hearted Rout,
O'erthrown and ſcatter'd round about,
Chac'd by the Horror of their Fear
From bloudy Fray of *Knight* and *Bear*,
(All but the Dogs who in purſuit,
Of the *Knight*'s Victory ſtood to't,
And moſt ignobly ſought to get
The Honour of his Bloud and Sweat)

Seeing

Seeing the Coaſt was free and clear
O'th' Conquer'd and the Conquerer,
Took heart again and fac'd about,
As if they meant to ſtand it out:
For by this time the routed *Bear*
Attack'd by th' Enemy i' th' Rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a ſafe retreat,
Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about;
But wiſely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to Fortune, and with haſte
Fac'd the proud Foe, and fled, and fac'd,
Retiring ſtill, until he found
H' had got th' advantage of the Ground;
And then as valiantly made head,
To check the Foe, and forthwith fled;
Leaving no Art untry'd, nor Trick
Of Warrior ſtout and Politick;
Until in ſpight of hot purſuit,
He gain'd a Paſs, to hold diſpute,
On better terms, and ſtop the courſe
Of the proud Foe. With all his force

He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole Body to recoil;
But ſtill their numbers ſo increaſt
He found himſelf at length oppreſt,
And all evaſions ſo uncertain,
To ſave himſelf for better fortune;
That he reſolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And ſell his Hide and Carcaſs at
A price as high and deſperate
As e'er he could. This Reſolution
He forthwith put in Fxecution,
And bravely threw himſelf among
The Enemy i' th' greateſt throng.
But what could ſingle Valour do
Againſt ſo numerous a Foe?
Yet much he did, indeed to much
To be believ'd, where th' odds was ſuch:
But one againſt a Multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good,
For while one party he oppos'd,
His Rear was ſuddainly enclos'd,

And

And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight againſt a Foe ſo great.
For now the Maſtives charging home
To Blows and Handy-Gripes were come:
While manfully himſelf he bore,
And ſetting his right-foot before,
He rais'd himſelf to ſhew how tall
His Perſon was above them all.
This equal Shame and Envy ſtirr'd
In th' Enemy, that one ſhould beard
So many Warriors and ſo ſtout
As he had done and ſtand it out,
Diſdaining to lay down his Arms,
And yield on honourable Terms,
Enraged thus, ſome in the Rear
Attack'd him and ſome ev'ry where,
Till down he fell, yet falling fought,
And being down ſtill laid about:
As *Widdrington* in doleful dumps
Is ſaid to fight upon his Stumps;
But all, alas! Had been in vain,
And he inevitably ſlain,

If *Trulla* and *Cerdon* in the nick
To reſcue him had not been quick;
For *Trulla* who was light of Foot,
As Shafts which long-ſield *Parthians* ſhoot,
(But not ſo light as to be born
Upon the Ears of ſtanding Corn,
Or trip it o'er the Water quicker
Than Witches when their Staves they liquor.
As ſome report) was got among
The foremoſt of the Martial Throng:
Where pitying the yanquiſh'd *Bear*,
She call'd to *Cerdon* who ſtood near,
Viewing the bloudy fight, to whom
Shall we (quoth ſhe) ſtand ſtill *bum drum*,
And ſee ſtout *Brum* all alone
By numbers baſely overthrown?
Such Feats already he atchiev'd,
In ſtory not to be believ'd;
And 't would to us be ſhame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.
I would (quoth he) venture a Limb
To ſecond thee, and reſcue him:

But

But then we muſt about it ſtraight,
Or elſe our aid will come too late;
Quarter he ſcorns, he is ſo ſtout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.
This ſaid, they wav'd their Weapons round
About their heads, to clear the ground;
And joining Forces laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed Rout
Turn'd tail again, and ſtraight begun,
As if *the Devil drove*, to run. (*Bruin*
Mean while th' approach'd the place where
Was now engag'd to mortal ruin:
The Conquering Foe they ſoon aſſail'd
Firſt *Trulla* ſtav'd, and *Cerdon* tail'd,
Until their Maſtives loos'd their hold:
And yet, alas! do what they could,
The worſted *Bare* came off with ſtore
Of bloudy wounds, but all before;
For as *Achilles* dipt in Pond,
Was *Anabaptiz'd* free from wound,
Made proof againſt dead-doing ſteel
All over but the Pagan heel:

So

So did our Champion's Arms defend
All of him but the other end;
His Head and Ears, which in the Martial
Encounter loſt a Leathern Parcel;
For as an *Auſtrian Archduke* once
Had one Ear (which in *Ducatoons*
Is half the Coin) in Battel par'd
Cloſe to his Head; ſo *Bruin* far'd:
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other ſide,
Like Scriv'ner newly crucify'd;
Or like the late-corrected Leathern
Ears of the *Circumciſed Brethren*.
But gentle *Trulla* into th' Ring
He wore in's Noſe convey'd a String,
With which She marcht before, and led
The Warriour to a graſſy Bed,
As Authors write, in a cool ſhade,
Which Eglantine and Roſes made,
Cloſe by a ſoftly murmuring Stream
Where Lovers uſe to loll and dream.
There leaving him to his repoſe,
Secured from purſuit of Foes,

And

And wanting nothing but a Song,
And a well-tun'd *Theorbo* hung
Upon a Bough to eaſe the Pain
His tugg'd Ears ſuffer'd, with a ſtrain,
They both drew up to march in queſt
Of his great Leader, and the reſt.
For *Orſin* (who was more renown'd
For ſtout maintaining of his Ground
In ſtanding Fights than for purſuit,
As being not ſo quick of foot)
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that purſu'd the Chace,
But found himſelf left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind;
Griev'd to behold his *Bear* purſu'd
So baſely by a multitude,
And like to fall, not by the proweſs,
But numbers of his Coward Foes.
He rag'd and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout *Hercules* for loſs of *Hylas*,
Forcing the Vallies to repeat
The Accents of his ſad regret.

He beat his Breaſt, and tore his Hair,
For loſs of his dear Crony *Bear*:
That Echo from the hollow ground
His doleful Wailings did reſound
More wiſtfully, by many times,
Than in ſmall Poets ſplay-foot rhimes,
That make her, in their ruful ſtories,
To anſwer to Inter'gatories,
And moſt unconſcionably depoſe
To things of which ſhe nothing knows:
And when ſhe has ſaid all ſhe can ſay,
'Tis wreſted to the Lovers fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked *Bruin*,
Art thou fled to my----Echo *ruine*?
I thought th' hadſt ſcorn'd to budge a ſtep,
For fear, (Quoth Echo) *Marry guep.*
Am not I here to take thy part?
Then what has quell'd thy ſtubborn heart?
Have theſe Bones rattled, and this Head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it.
For thy dear ſake. (Quoth ſhe) *Mum budget*,

Think'ſt

Think'ſt thou 'twill not be laid i' th' diſh
Thou turn'dſt thy back? Quoth Echo, *Piſh.*
To run from thoſe th' hadſt overcome
Thus Cowardly? Quoth Echo, *Mum.*
But what a-vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine Enemy?
Or if thou haſt no thought on me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet Shame and Honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning Tail:
For who would grutch to ſpend his Bloud in
His Honour's cauſe? Quoth ſhe, *a Puddin.*
This ſaid, his Grief to Anger turn'd,
Which in his Manly Stomach burn'd;
Thirſt of Revenge and Wrath, in place
Of Sorrow, now began to blaze.
He vow'd the Authors of his Wo
Should equal Vengeance undergo;
And with their Bones and Fleſh pay dear
For what he ſuffer'd and his *Bear.*
This being reſolv'd with equal ſpeed
And Rage he haſted to proceed

To

To Action ſtraight, and giving o'er
To ſearch for *Bruin* any more,
He went in queſt of *Hudibras*,
To find him out, where'er he was.
And if he were above ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.
But ſcarce had he a furlong on
This reſolute Adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that Crew
Whom *Hudibras* did late ſubdue.
Honour, Revenge, Contempt and Shame,
Did equally their Breaſts enflame.
'Mong theſe the fierce *Magnano* was,
And *Talgol*, Foe to *Hudibras*:
Cerdon and *Colon*, Warriors ſtout
And Reſolute as ever fought:
Whom furious *Orſin* thus beſpoke.
Shall we (quoth he) thus baſely brook
The vile affront, that paultry Aſs
And feeble *Scoundrel Hudibras*,
With that more paultry *Ragamuffin*,
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,

Have

Have put upon us, like tame Cattel,
As if th' had routed us in Battel?
For my part, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid,
I for the waſhing gave my Head:
Nor did I turn my back for fear
O' th' Raſcals, but loſs of my *Bear*,
Which now I'm like to undergo:
For whether theſe fell Wounds, or no,
He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
Is more than all my skill can foretel,
Nor do *I know* what is become
Of him, *more than the Pope of Rome.*
But if I can but find them out
That caus'd it, (as I ſhall no doubt,
Where e'er th' in Hugger-mugger lurk)
I'll make them rue their handy-work;
And wiſh that they had rather dar'd,
To *pull the Devil by the Beard.*
Quoth *Cerdon*, Noble *Orſin*, th' haſt
Great reaſon to do as thou ſay'ſt,
And ſo has ev'ry Body here
As well as thou haſt or thy *Bear.*

Others may do as they ſee good;
But if this twig be made of Wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the Fur
Fly 'bout the Ears of that old Cur,
And th' other mungrel Vermin, *Ralph*,
That brav'd us all in his behalf.
Thy Bear is ſafe and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill,
My ſelf and *Trulla* made a ſhift
To help him out at a dead lift;
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's ſafe enough:
There let him reſt; for if we ſtay,
The Slaves may hap to get away.
This ſaid they all engag'd to joyn
Their Forces in the ſame Deſign:
And forthwith put themſelves in ſearch
Of *Hudibras* upon their March.
Where leave we them a while to teil
What the Victorious *Knight* befel:
For ſuch, *Crowdero* being faſt
In Dungeon ſhut, we left him laſt.

Triumphant

Triumphant Laurels ſeem'd to grow
No where ſo green as on his Brow:
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With Conquering toil he now retir'd
Unto a Neighbouring Caſtle by,
To reſt his Body and apply
Fit Med'cines to each glorious Bruiſe
He got in fight, *Reds*, *Blacks*, and *Blues*;
To Mollify th' uneaſie pang
Of ev'ry honourable Bang,
Which b'ing by Skilful Midwife dreſt,
He laid him down to take his reſt.
But all in vain. H' had got a hurt
O' th' inſide, of a deadlier ſort,
By *Cupid* made, who took his ſtand
Upon a Widow's Jointure-Land,
(For he, in all his amorous Battels,
No 'dvantage finds like Goods and Chattels)
Drew home his Bow, and aiming right,
Let fly an Arrow at the *Knight*;
The ſhaft againſt a Rib did glance,
And gall'd him in the *Purtenance*.

But time had ſomewhat ſwag'd his pain,
After he found his Suit in vain.
For that proud Dame, for whom his Soul
Was burnt in's Belly like a coal,
(That Belly that ſo oft did ake
And ſuffer griping for her ſake,
Till purging Comfits and Ants Eggs
Had almoſt brought him off his Legs)
Us'd him ſo like a baſe *Raſcallion*,
That old *Pyg-* (what d'y' call him) *malion*
That cut his Miſtreſs out of ſtone,
Had not ſo hard-a-hearted one.
She had a thouſand jadiſh tricks,
Worſe than a Mule that flings and kicks:
'Mong which one croſs grain'd Freak ſhe had,
As inſolent as ſtrange and mad:
She could Love none but only ſuch
As ſcorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a ſtrange Riddle of a Lady;
Not Love, if any Lov'd her? Hey day!
So Cowards never uſe their might,
But againſt ſuch as will not fight.

So

So ſome Diſeaſes have been found
Only to ſeize upon the ſound.
He that gets her by heart muſt ſay her
The back-way, like a Witch's Prayer.
Mean while the *Knight* had no ſmall Task,
To compaſs what he durſt not ask.
He Loves, but dares not make the Motion;
Her *Ignorance* is his *Devotion.*
Like Caitiff vile, that for miſdeed
Rides with his Face to rump of Steed.
Or rowing Scull he's fain to Love,
Look one way, and another move;
Or like a Tumbler that does play
His game, and look another way,
Until he ſeize upon the Coney:
Juſt ſo does he by Matrimony.
But all in vain: Her ſubtile Snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out;
Which ſhe return'd with too much Scorn,
To be by Man of Honour Born,
Yet much he bore, until the Diſtreſs,
He ſuffer'd from his ſpightful Miſtreſs,

Did ſtir his Stomach, and the Pain
He had endur'd, from her Diſdain,
Turn'd to Regret, ſo reſolute
That he reſolv'd to wave his Suit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play leaſt in ſight.
This reſolution b'ing put on,
He kept ſome Months, and more had done;
But being brought ſo nigh by Fate,
The Victory he achiev'd ſo late,
Did ſet his Thoughts agog, and ope
A Door to diſcontinu'd Hope,
That ſeem'd to promiſe he might win
His Dame too, now his hand was in;
And that his Valour and the Honour
H' had newly gain'd might work upon her,
Theſe Reaſons made his Mouth to water
With amorous Longings to be at her.
Quoth he unto himſelf, Who knows
But this brave Conqueſt o'er my Foes
May reach her Heart, and make that ſtoop,
As I but now have forc'd the Troop?

If

If nothing can oppugn Love,
And Vertue Envious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do
That brings both Love and Vertue too?
But thou bring'ſt Valour too and Wit,
Two things that ſeldom fail to hit.
Valour's a Mouſe-trap, Wit a Gin,
Which VVomen oft are taken in.
Then, *Hudibras*, why ſhouldſt thou fear
To be, that art a Conquerer.
Fortune th' Audacious doth *juvare*,
But lets the timidous miſcarry.
Then while the Honour thou haſt got
Is ſpick and ſpan new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadſt beſt,
And truſt thy fortune with the reſt.
Such thoughts as theſe the *Knight* did keep,
More than his Bangs or Fleas, from ſleep.
And as an Owl that in a Barn
Sees a Mouſe creeping in the Corn,
Sits ſtill and ſhuts his round blue Eyes,
As if he ſlept, until he ſpies

The little Beaſt within his reach,
The ſtarts and ſeizes on the Wretch.
So from his Couch the *Knight* did ſtart,
To ſeize upon the Widow's Heart;
Crying with haſty tone and hoarſe.
Ralpho diſpatch, To Horſe, to Horſe.
And 'twas but time, for now the Rout
We left engag'd to ſeek him out,
By ſpeedy Marches were advanc'd
Up to the Fort where he enſconc'd.
And had all th' Avenues poſſeſt
About the place, from Eaſt to Weſt.
That done, a while they made a Halt,
To view the Ground, and where t'aſſault:
Then call'd a Council which was beſt,
By Siege or Onſlaught to inveſt
The Enemy: And 'twas agreed,
By Storm and Onſlaught to proceed.
This being reſolv'd, in comely ſort,
They now drew up t'attack the Fort.
When *Hudibraſs*, about to enter
Upon another guiſe adventure,

To *Ralpho* call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching ſtorm.
Whether Dame Fortune, or the Care
Of Angel bad, or Tutelar,
Did arm, or thruſt him on a Danger,
To which he was an utter Stranger;
That Foreſight might, or might not blot
The Glory he had newly got;
Or to his ſhame it might be ſaid,
They took him napping in his Bed:
To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in Sciences profound.
His Courſer ſcarce he had beſtrid,
And *Ralpho* that on which he rid,
When ſetting ope the Poſtern Gate,
Which they thought beſt to ſally at,
The Foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the Field.
This ſomewhat ſtartled the bold *Knight*,
Surpriz'd with th' unexpected ſight.
The Bruiſes of his Bones and Fleſh
He thought began to ſmart afreſh;

Till

Till recollecting wonted Courage,
His Fear was ſoon converted to Rage.
And thus he ſpoke, The Coward Foe,
VVhom we but now gave Quarter to,
Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears,
As if they had out-run their Fears,
The Glory we did lately get,
The Fates command us to repeat.
And to their VVill we muſt ſuccumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.
This is the ſame numerick Crew
VVhich we ſo lately did ſubdue,
The ſelf-ſame Individuals that
Did run as Mice do from a Cat,
VVhen we Couragiouſly did wield
Our Martial VVeapons in the Field
To tug for Victory: And when
We ſhall our ſhining Blades agen
Brandiſh in terrour o'er our Heads,
They'll ſtraight reſume their wontedDreads,
Fear is an Ague, that forſakes
And haunts by fits thoſe whom it takes,

And they'll opine they feel the Pain
And Blows they felt to day, again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.
This ſaid, his Courage to inflame,
He call'd upon his *Miſtreſs* name.
His Piſtol next he cock'd anew,
And out his nut-brown Whiniard drew:
And placing *Ralpho* in the front,
Reſerv'd himſelf to bear the brunt;
As expert Warriors uſe: Then ply'd
With Iron heel his Courſer's ſide,
Conveying Sympathetick ſpeed
From heel of *Knight* to heel of Steed.
Mean while the Foe with equal Rage,
And ſpeed advancing to engage,
Both Parties now were drawn ſo cloſe,
Almoſt to come to handy-blows.
When *Orſin* firſt let fly a Stone
At *Ralpho*; not ſo huge a one
As that which *Diomed* did maul
Æneas on the Bum withal

Yet

Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have ſent him to another World;
Whether above Ground or below,
Which *Saints twice dipt* are deſtin'd to.
The Danger ſtartled the bold *Squire*,
And made him ſome few Steps retire.
But *Hudibras* advanc'd to's Aid,
And rouz'd his Spirits half diſmay'd;
He wiſely doubting leſt the Shot
Of th' Enemy now growing hot,
Might at a diſtance gall, preſt cloſe,
To come, pell-mell, to handy Blows,
And that he might their Aim decline,
Advanc'd ſtill in an oblique Line;
But prudently forbore to fire,
Till Breaſt to Breaſt he had got nigher:
As expert Warriors uſe to do,
When hand to hand they charge the Foe,
This Order the advent'rouss *Knight*
Moſt Soldier-like obſerv'd in fight,
When Fortune (as ſhe's wont) turn'd fickle,
And for the Foe began to ſtickle.

The

The more ſhame for her *goody ſhip*,
To give ſo near a Friend the ſlip.
For *Colon* chuſing out a ſtone,
Level'd ſo right it thumpt upon
His Manly Paunch with ſuch a Force,
As almoſt beat him off his Horſe.
He loſt his Whyniard, and the Reyn;
But laying faſt hold on the Mane,
Preſerv'd his Seat: And as a Gooſe
In death contracts his Talons cloſe;
So did the *Knight*, and with one Claw
The Tricker of his Piſtol draw.
The Gun went off: And as it was
Still fatal to ſtout *Hudibras*,
In all his Feats of Arms, when leaſt
He dreamt of it, to proſper beſt;
So now he far'd: The ſhot let fly
At rando 'mong the Enemy,
Pierc'd *Talgol*'s Gabberdine, and grazing
Upon his Shoulder, in the paſſing
Lodg'd in *Magnano*'s braſs Habergeon,
Who ſtraight *A Surgeon*: cry'd, *a Surgeon*:

He

He tumbled down and as he fell,
Did *Murther, murther, murther* yell.
This ſtartled their whole Body ſo,
That if the *Knight* had not let go
His Arms, but been in Warlike Plight,
H' had won (the ſecond time) the fight.
As if the *Squire* had but faln on,
He had inevitably done:
But he diverted with the care
Of *Hudibras* his Hurt, forbare
To preſs th' Advantage of his Fortune,
While danger did the reſt diſhearten.
For he with *Cerdon* b'ing engag'd
In cloſe encounter, they both wag'd
The fight ſo well 'twas hard to ſay
Which ſide was like to get the day.
And now the buſie Work of Death
Had tir'd them ſo, th' agreed to breath,
Preparing to renew the Fight;
When the diſaſter of the *Knight*
And th' other Party did divert,
Their fell Intent and forc'd them part.

Ralpho

Ralpho preſt up to *Hudibras*.
And *Cerdon*, where *Magnano* was;
Each ſtriving to confirm his Party
With ſtout Encouragements and Hearty.
Quoth *Ralpho*, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let Revenge and Honour ſtir
Your Spirits up, once more fall on,
The ſhatter'd Foe begins to run:
For if but half ſo well you knew
To uſe your Victory as ſubdue,
They durſt not after ſuch a Blow
As you have giv'n them, face us now;
But from ſo formidable a Soldier
Had fled like Crows when they ſmell Powder.
Thrice have they ſeen your Sword aloft.
Wav'd o'er their Heads, and fled as oft.
But if you let them recollect
Their Spirits, now diſmay'd and check'd,
You'll have a harder game to play,
Than yet y' have had to get the Day.
Thus ſpoke the ſtout *Squire*; but was heard
By *Hudibras* with ſmall regard.

His

His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took than *Ralph*'s harangue;
To which he anſwer'd, Cruel fate
Tells me thy Counſel comes to late.
The knotted Bloud within my hoſe,
That from my wounded Body flows,
With mortal *Criſis* doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.
I am for action now unfit,
Either of Fortitude or Wit.
Fortune my foe begins to frown,
Reſolv'd to pull my ſtomach down.
I am not apt upon a Wound,
Or trivial Baſting to deſpond:
Yet I'd be loth my Days to curtal,
For if I thought my Wounds not mortal;
Or that we'd time enough as yet
To make an honourable Retreat,
Twere the beſt courſe: But if they find
We fly and leave our Arms behind,
For them to ſeize on, the Diſhonour
And Danger too is ſuch, I'll ſooner

Stand

Stand to it boldly and take quarter,
To let them ſee I am no Starter.
In all the trade of War no Feat,
Is nobler than a brave Retreat.
For thoſe that run away, and fly,
Take Place at leaſt of th' Enemy.
This ſaid, the *Squire* with active ſpeed
Diſmounted from his bonny ſteed
To ſeize the Arms which by miſchance
Fell from the bold *Knight* in a Trance.
Theſe being found out, and reſtor'd
To *Hudibras*, their natural Lord,
As a Man may ſay, with might and main
He haſted to get up again.
Thrice he aſſay'd to mount aloft;
But by his weighty Bum as oft
He was pull'd back till having found
Th' advantage of the riſing Ground,
Thither he led his Warlike Steed,
And, having plac'd him right, with ſpeed
Prepar'd again to ſcale the Beaſt.
When *Orſin* who had newly dreſt

The bloudy Scar upon the Shoulder
Of *Talgol* with *Promethean* Powder,
And now was ſearching for the Shot
That laid *Magnano* on the Spot,
Beheld the ſturdy *Squire* aforeſaid
Prepairing to climb up his Horſe-ſide.
He left his Cure, and laying hold
Upon his Arms with Courage bold,
Cry'd out, 'tis now no time to dally,
The Enemy begins to rally:
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy Man be's Dole.
This ſaid, like to a Thunderbolt
He flew with Fury to th' Aſſault,
Striving the Enemy to attack
Before he reach'd his Horſe's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his Beaſt with Active vauting,
Wrigling his Body to recover
His ſeat, and caſt his right Leg over;
When *Orſin* ruſhing in beſtow'd
On Horſe and Man ſo heavy a load,

The

The Beaſt was ſtartled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough *Squire* like a Sack,
Or ſtout King *Richard*, on his back:
Till ſtumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and caſt into a ſwound.
Mean while the *Knight* began to rowſe
The ſparkles of his wonted proweſs;
He thruſt his Hand into his Hoſe,
And found both by his Eyes and Noſe,
'Twas only Choler, and not Bloud,
That from his wounded Body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the *Squire*,
Inflam'd him with deſpightful Ire;
Couragiouſly he fac'd about,
And drew his other Piſtol out.
And now had half-way bent the Cock,
When *Cerdon* gave ſo fierce a Shock,
With ſturdy Truncheon, thwart his Arm,
That down it fell and did no Harm;
Then ſtoutly preſſing on with ſpeed,
Aſſay'd to pull him off his Steed.

The *Knight* his Sword had only left
With which he *Cerdon*'s Head had cleft,
Or at the leaſt cropt off a Limb,
But *Orſin* came and reſcu'd him.
He with his Launce attack'd the *Knight*
Upon his Quarters oppoſite.
But as a Barque that in foul weather,
Toſs'd by two adverſe Winds together,
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to:
So far'd the *Knight* between two Foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppoſe.
Till *Orſin* charging with his Launce
At *Hudibras*, by ſpightful Chance,
Hit *Cerdon* ſuch a Bang, as ſtunn'd
And laid him flat upon the Ground,
At this the *Knight* began to chear up,
And raiſing up himſelf on Stirrup,
Cry'd out *Victoria*; lie thou there,
And I ſhall ſtraight diſpatch another,
To bear thee Company in death:
But firſt I'll halt a while and breath.

As

As well he might: For *Orſin* griev'd
At th' Wound that *Cerdon* had receiv'd,
Ran to relieve him with his Lore,
And cure the Hurt he made before.
Mean while the *Knight* had wheel'd about,
To breath himſelf, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where beſt
He might the ruffled Foe infeſt.
This b'ing reſolv'd, he ſpurr'd his Steed,
To run at *Orſin* with full ſpeed,
While he was buſie in the care
Of *Cerdon*'s wound, and unaware:
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy;
And ſeeing th' Enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and ſtood upon his guard.
Then like a Warrior right expert
And skilful in the martial Art,
The ſubtle *Knight* ſtreight made a halt,
And judg'd it beſt to ſtay th' aſſault,
Until he had reliev'd the *Squire*,
And then (in order) to retire;

Or, as occaſion ſhould invite;
With Forces join'd renew the fight;
Ralpho by this time diſentranc'd,
Upon his Bum himſelf advanc'd,
Though ſorely bruis'd his Limbs all o'er
With ruthleſs bangs were ſtiff and ſore.
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone;
VVhen *Hudibras* to aid him came.
Quoth he, (and call'd him by his name)
Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more as Conquerours,
Have both the Field and Honour won,
The Foe is profligate and run,
I mean all ſuch as can, for ſome
This hand hath ſent to their long home;
And ſome lie ſprauling on the ground
With many a gaſh and bloudy wound.
Cæſar himſelf cou'd never ſay
He got two Victories in a Day;
As I have done that can ſay, twice I
In one Day, *Veni, vidi, vici,*

The

The Foe's ſo numerous that we
Cannot ſo often *vincere*,
As they *perire*, and yet enow
Be left to ſtrike an after-Blow;
Then left they rally and once more
Put us to fight the Buſineſs o'er,
Get up, and mount thy Steed, diſpatch,
And let us both their motions watch.
Quoth *Ralph*, I ſhou'd not, If I were
In caſe for Action, now be here;
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An Arſe, for fear of being bang'd:
It was for you I got theſe Harms,
Advent'ring to fetch Off your Arms.
The Blows and Drubs I have receiv'd
Have bruis'd my Body, and bereav'd
My Limbs of Strength: unleſs you ſtoop
And reach your hand to pull me up,
I ſhall lie here, and be a Prey
To thoſe who now are run away.
That ſhalt thou not (quoth *Hudibras*:)
We read, the Ancients held it was

More Honourable far *Servare*
Civem, than ſlay an Adverſary,
The one we oft to day have done;
The other ſhall diſpatch anon,
And though th' art of a diff'rent Church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.
This ſaid he jogg'd his good Steed nigher,
And ſteer'd him gently toward the *Squire*.
Then Bowing down his Body ſtretcht
His Hand out, and at *Ralpho* reacht;
When *Trulla*, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like Lightning behind.
She had been long in ſearch about
Magnano's wound, to find it out?
But could find none, nor where the ſhot
That had ſo ſtartled him was got.
But having found the worſt was paſt,
She fell to her own work at laſt,
The pillage of the Priſoners,
Which all in feat of Arms was hers;
And now to plunder *Ralph*, ſhe flew,
When *Hudibras* his hard fate drew

To ſuccor him; for as he bow'd
To help him up, ſhe laid a load
Of Blows ſo heavy, and plac'd ſo well,
On th' other ſide, that down he fell.
Yeild, *Scoundrel* baſe, (quoth ſhe) or dye;
Thy Life is mine and Liberty.
But if thou think'ſt I took thee tardy,
And darſt preſume to be ſo hardy,
To try thy Fortune o'er a freſh,
I'll wave my Title to thy fleſh,
Thy Arms and Baggage, now my right:
And if thou haſt the heart to try't,
I'll lend thee back thy ſelf a while,
And once more for that carcaſs vile,
Fight upon tick--Quoth *Hudibras*,
Thou offer'ſt nobly, valiant Laſs,
And I ſhall take thee at thy word,
Firſt let me riſe, and take my Sword,
That Sword which has ſo oft this day
Through Squadrons of my Foes made way,
And ſome to other Worlds diſpatcht,
Now with a feeble Spinſter matcht,

Will

Will bluſh with Bloud ignoble ſtain'd,
By which no Honour's to be gain'd.
But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,
Conſider while thou mayſt what 'tis
To interrupt a Victor's Courſe,
B' oppoſing ſuch a trivial Force:
For if with Conqueſt I come off,
(And that I ſhall do ſure enough)
Quarter thou canſt not have, nor Grace,
By law of Arms in ſuch a Caſe;
Both which I now do offer freely.
I ſcorn (quoth ſhe) thou Coxcomb ſilly,
(Clapping her hand upon her Breech,
To ſhew how much ſhe priz'd his Speech)
Quarter, or Counſel from a Foe:
If thou canſt force me to it, do.
But leſt it ſhould again be ſed,
When I have once more won thy Head,
I took the napping, unprepar'd,
Arm and betake thee to thy Guard.
This ſaid, ſhe to her Tackle fell,
And on the *Knight* let fall a peal

Of Blows ſo fierce, and preſt ſo home,
That he retir'd and follow'd's Bum.
Stand to't (quoth ſhe) or yeild to Mercy;
It is not fighting *Arſie-verſie*
Shall ſerve thy turn--This ſtirr'd his Spleen
More than the Danger he was in,
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel.
Honour, deſpight, revenge and ſhame,
At once into his ſtomach came;
VVhich fir'd it ſo, he rais'd his Arm
Above his Head, and rain'd a ſtorm
Of blows, ſo terrible and thick,
As if he meant to haſh her quick.
But ſhe upon her Truncheon took them,
And by oblique diverſion broke them,
VVaiting an opportunity
To pay all back with uſury.
Which long ſhe fail'd not of, for now
The *Knight* with one dead-doing blow
Reſolving to decide the fight,
And ſhe with quick and cunning ſlight

Avoiding

Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was ſo great,
As almoſt ſway'd him to the ground.
No ſooner ſhe th' advantage found,
But in ſhe flew, and ſeconding
With home-made thruſt the heavy ſwing,
She laid him flat upon his ſide,
And mounting on his Trunk a-ſtride,
Quoth ſhe, I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, baſe Scum.
Say, will the Law of Arms allow
I may have Grace, and Quarter now?
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And ſtain thine Honour, than thy Sword:
A Man of War to damn his Soul,
In baſely breaking his Parole,
And when before the Fight, th' hadſt vow'd
To give no Quarter in cold bloud:
Now thou haſt got me for a *Tartar*:
To make m' againſt my will take quarter;
Why doſt not put me to the Sword,
But Cowardly fly from thy word?

Quoth

Quoth *Hudibras*, the day's thine own;
Thou and thy Stars have caſt me down:
My Laurels are tranſplanted now,
And flouriſh on thy Conq'ring Brow:
My Loſs of Honour's great enough.
Thou need'ſt not brand it with a Scoff:
Sarcaſmes may Eclipſe thine own,
But cannot blur my loſt Renown:
I am not now in Fortune's Power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The Ancient *Heroes* were illuſtrious
For b'ing benign, and not bluſtrous,
Againſt a vanquiſh'd Foe; their Swords
Were ſharp and trenchant, not their Words;
And did in Fight but cut Work out
T' employ their Courteſies about.
Quoth ſhe, altho' thou haſt deſerv'd,
Baſe *Slubberdegullion*, to be ſerv'd
As thou didſt vow to deal with me,
If thou hadſt got the Victory;
Yet I ſhall rather act a part
That ſuits my Fame, than thy deſert.

Thy

Thy Arms, thy Liberty, beſide
All that's on th' outſide of thy Hide,
Are mine by Military Law,
Of which I will not hate one ſtraw:
The reſt, thy Life and Limbs, once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I reſtore.
Quoth *Hudibras*, it is too late
For me to treat or ſtipulate;
What thou Command'ſt I muſt obey.
Yet thoſe whom I expung'd to day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too,
Both *Dogs* and *Bear*, upon their parol,
Whom I took Priſ'ners in this quarrel.
Quoth *Trulla*, Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was't not thou
That gave *Crowdero* quarter too?
Crowdero, whom in Irons bound,
Thou baſely threw'ſt into *Lob's Pound*
Where ſtill he lies, and with regret
His generous Bowels rage and fret.

But

But now thy Carcaſs ſhall redeem,
And ſerve to be exchange for him.
This ſaid, the *Knight* did ſtreight ſubmit,
And laid his Weapons at her Feet.
Next he diſrob'd his Gaberdine,
And with it did himſelf reſign.
She took it, and forthwith deveſting
The Mantle that ſhe wore, ſaid jeſting.
Take that, and wear it for my ſake;
Then threw it o'er his ſturdy-back.
And as the *French* we Conquer'd once,
Now give us Laws for Pantaloons,
The length of Breeches, and the gathers.
Port-Cannons, Perriwigs, and Feathers;
Juſt ſo the proud inſulting Laſs
Array'd and dighted *Hudibras*.
Mean while the other Champions, yerſt
In hurry of the fight diſperſt,
Arriv'd, when *Trulla* 'd won the day,
To ſhare in th' Honour and the Prey.
And out of *Hudibras* his Hide
With vengeance to be ſatisfy'd;

Which

Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden ſhowr.
But *Trulla* thruſt her ſelf between,
And ſtriding o'er his back agen,
She brandiſh'd o'er her Head his Sword,
And vow'd they ſhould not break her word;
Sh' had given him Quarter, and her bloud
Or theirs ſhould make that Quarter good.
For ſhe was bound by Law of Arms,
To ſee him ſafe from further harms.
In Dungeon deep *Crowdero* caſt
By *Hudibras*, as yet lay faſt;
Where to the hard and ruthleſs Stones
His great Heart made perpetual mones.
Him ſhe reſolv'd that *Hudibras*
Should ranſom, and ſupply his place.
This ſtopt their fury, and the baſting
Which toward *Hudibras* was haſting.
They thought it was but juſt and right,
That what ſhe had achiev'd in fight
She ſhould diſpoſe of how ſhe pleas'd;
Crowdero ought to be releas'd;

Nor

Nor could that any way be done
So well as this ſhe pitch'd upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they reſolv'd t' engage in.
The *Knight*, and *Squire*, firſt they made
Riſe from the ground where they were laid?
Then mounted both upon their Horſes,
But with their Faces to the *Arſes*.
Orſin led *Hudibras*'s beaſt
And *Talgol* that which *Ralpho* preſt,
Whom ſtout *Magnano*, valiant *Cerdon*
And *Colon* waited as a guard on,
All uſh'ring *Trulla*, in the Reer
With th' Arms of either Priſoner.
In this proud order and array
They put themſelves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' *inchanted Caſtle*,
Where ſtout *Crowdero* in durance lay ſtill.
Thither with greater ſpeed, than Shows
And Triumphs over Conquer'd Foes
Do uſe t' allow, or than the *Bears*
Or *Pageants* born before *Lord-Mayors*

Are wont to uſe, they ſoon arriv'd
In order Soldier-like contriv'd,
Still marching in a Warlike poſture,
As fit for Battel as for Muſter.
The *Knight* and *Squire* they firſt unhorſe,
And bending 'gainſt their Fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the *Magical Redoubt*.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the reſt to enter.
For he was skilful in *Black Art*
No leſs than he that built the Fort;
And with an Iron Mace laid flat
A breach, which ſtraight all enter'd at,
And in the wooden Dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground.
Him they releaſe from durance baſe,
Reſtor'd t' his *Fiddle* and his *Caſe*,
And Liberty, his thirſty rage
With luſcious vengeance to aſſwage.
For he no ſooner was at large,
But *Trulla* ſtraight brought on her charge,

And

And in the ſelf-ſame *Limbo*, put
The *Knight* and *Squire* where he was ſhut.
Where leaving them i' th' *Hockly i' th' Hole*,
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
Enchanted Manſion, to know ſorrow;
In the ſame order and array
Which they advanc'd, they march'd away.
But *Hudibras* who ſcorn'd to ſtoop
To Fortune, or be ſaid to droop,
Chear'd up himſelf with ends of Verſe,
And Sayings of Philoſophers.
Quoth he, Th' one half of Man, his Mind
Is *ſui juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
What e'er the other moiety feels.
Tis not reſtraint or Liberty
That makes Men Priſoners or free;
But perturbations that poſſeſs
The Mind or Æquanimities.
The whole World was not half ſo wide
To *Alexander*, when he cry'd

Becauſe he had but one to ſubdue,
As was a paultry narrow Tub to
Diogenes, who is not ſaid
(For ought that ever I could read)
To whine, put Finger i' th' Eye and ſob,
Becauſe h' had ne'er another *Tub*.
And Ancients make two ſeveral kinds
Of Proweſs in Heroick minds,
The *Active* and the *Paſſive* valiant;
Both which are *pari libra* gallant:
For both to give blows and to carry,
In fights are Equeneceſſary;
But in defeats, the *Paſſive* ſtout
Are always found to ſtand it out
Moſt deſp'rately, and to outdo
The Active, 'gainſt a Conqu'ring Foe.
Tho' we with Blacks and Blues are ſuggil'd,
Or as the vulgar ſay, are *cudgel'd*:
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Tho' drubb'd, can loſe no honour by't.
Honour's *a Leaſe for Lives to come*,
And cannot be *extended* from

The

The legal Tenant: 'Tis a Chattel,
Not to be forfeited in Battel.
If he that is in Battel ſlain,
Be in the *Bed of Honour* lain,
He that is beaten may be ſed
To lie in Honour's *Truckle-Bed.*
For as we ſee th' Eclipſed Sun
By Mortals is more gaz'd upon,
Than when adorn'd with all his light
He ſhines in Serene Sky moſt bright:
So Valour in a low eſtate
Is moſt admir'd and wonder'd at.
Quoth *Ralph*, How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow;
But none that ſee how here we ſit,
Will judge us overgrown with Wit.
As *gifted Brethren* preaching by
A *Carnal Hour-glaſs*, do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to ſay,
But not how much; ſo well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off,

For who without a *Cap* and *Bauble*
Having ſubdu'd a *Bear* and *Rabble*,
And might with Honour have come off,
Would put it to a ſecond proof:
A politick exploit, right fit
For *Presbyterian Zeal* and *Wit*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, That Cuckow's tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'ſt upon:
When thou at any thing wouldſt rail,
Thou mak'ſt *Presbytery* thy ſcale
To take the height on't and explain
To what degree it is prophane,
Whats'ever will not with thy (*what d' ye call*)
Thy *light Jump* right thou call'ſt *Synodical*.
As if *Presbytery* were a Standard
To ſize whats'ever's to be ſlander'd.
Doſt not remember how this day
Thou to my Beard waſt bold to ſay,
That thou couldſt prove *Bear-baiting* equal
With *Synods*, Orthodox and Legal?
Do if thou canſt, for I deny't,
And dare thee to't with all thy *Light*.

Quoth

Quoth *Ralpho*, Truly that is no
Hard Matter for a Man to do,
That has but any *Guts in's Brains*,
And could believe it worth his pains.
But ſince you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've light enough to do it.
Synods are myſtical *Bear-Gardens*,
Where *Elders*, *Deputies*, *Church-wardens*,
And other Members of the Court,
Manage the *Babyloniſh* ſport.
For *Prolocutor*, *Scribe*, and *Bear-ward*,
Do differ only in a mere word.
Both are but ſev'ral Synagogues
Of *Carnal Men*, and *Bears* and *Dogs*:
Both *Antichriſtian Aſſemblies*,
To miſchief bent as far's in them lies:
Both ſtave and tail, with fierce conteſts,
The one with Man, the other Beaſts.
The diff'rence is, The one fights with
The Tongue, the other with the Teeth;
And that they bait but *Bears* in this,
In th' other *Souls* and *Conſciences*,

Where *Saints* themſelves are brought to ſtake
For *Goſpel Light* and *Conſcience* ſake;
Expos'd to *Scribes* and *Presbyters*,
Inſtead of *Maſtive Dogs* and *Curs*;
Than whom th' have leſs humanity,
For theſe at Souls of Men will fly.
This to the *Prophet* did appear,
Who in a Viſion ſaw a *Bear*,
Prefiguring the beaſtly rage
Of *Church Rule* in this latter Age:
As is demonſtrated at full
By him that baited the *Pope's Bull*.
Bears naturally are beaſts of prey,
That live by Rapine, ſo do they,
What are their *Orders*, *Conſtitutions*,
Church Cenſures, *Curſes*, *Abſolutions*,
But ſev'ral myſtick Chains they make,
To tye poor Chriſtians to the ſtake?
And then ſet heathen *Officers*,
Inſtead of *Dogs*, about their Ears.
For to prohibit and diſpence,
To find out or to make offence,

Of

Of Hell and Heaven to diſpoſe,
To play with Souls at faſt and looſe;
To ſet what Characters they pleaſe,
And mulcts on Sin or Godlineſs,
Reduce the Church to *Goſpel Order*,
By *Rapine*, *Sacrilege*, and *Murther*;
To make *Presbytery* ſupream,
And *Kings* themſelves ſubmit to them;
And force all People, though againſt
Their Conſciences, to turn *Saints*,
Muſt prove a pretty thriving Trade,
When *Saints* Monopoliſts are made.
When *Pious* frauds and *Holy* ſhifts
Are *Diſpenſations* and *Gifts*,
There *Godlineſs* becomes mere ware,
And ev'ry *Synod* but a Fair.
Synods are Whelps of th' *Inquiſition*.
A mungrel breed of like Pernition,
And growing up became the Sires
Of *Scribes*, *Commiſſioners*, and *Triers*;
Whoſe busneſs is, by cunning ſlight
To caſt a figure for Mens *Light*

To find in lines of Beard and Face,
The Phyſiognomy of *Grace*;
And by the ſound and *twang of Noſe*,
If all be ſound within diſcloſe,
Free from a crack or flaw of ſinning,
As Men try *Pipkins* by the ringing,
By *Black Caps*, underlaid with *White*,
Give certain gueſs at inward *Light*:
Which *Serjeants at the Goſpel* wear,
To make the *Spiritual Calling* clear.
The *Handkercheif* about the Neck
(Canonical *Crabat* of *Smeck*,
From whom the Inſtitution came,
When Church and State they ſet on flame,
And worn by them as badges then
of *Spiritual Warfaring* Men)
u dge rightly if *Regeneration*
Be of the *neweſt Cut* in Faſhion.
Sure 'tis an Orthodox Opinion
That *Grace is founded in Dominion*.
Great *Piety* conſiſts in Pride;
To *rule* is to be *ſanctify'd*:

To

To domineer, and to control
Both o'er the Body and the Soul,
Is the moſt perfect *diſcipline*
Of Church rule and by *right divine*.
Bel and the *Dragon*'s Chaplains were
More moderate than theſe by far:
For they (Poor Knaves) were glad to cheat
To get their Wives and Children meat;
But theſe will not be fobb'd off ſo,
They muſt have Wealth and Power too,
Or elſe with Bloud and deſolation
They'll tear it out o' th' Heart o' th' Nation.
Sure theſe themſelves from Primitive
And Heathen Prieſthood do derive,
When *Butchers* were the only *Clerks*.
Elders and *Presbyters* of *Kirks*,
Whoſe *Directory* was to *kill*;
And ſome believe it is ſo ſtill.
The only diff'rence is, that then
They ſlaughter'd only *Beaſts*, now *Men*.
For then to Sacrifice a Bullock,
Or now an then a Child to *Moloch*,

They

They count a vile Abomination,
But not to ſlaughter a whole *Nation*.
Presbytery does but tranſlate
The Papacy to a *Free State*,
A *Common-wealth of Popery*,
Where every Village is a *See*
As well as *Rome*, and muſt maintain
A *Tithe Pig Metropolitan*:
Where ev'ry *Prebyter* and *Deacon*
Commands the *Keys* for Cheeſe and Bacon;
And ev'ry Hamlets governed
By's *Holineſs*, the *Church*'s *head*,
More haughty and ſevere in's place
Than *Gregory* or *Boniface*.
Such Church muſt (ſurely) be a Monſter
With many heads: For if we conſter
What in th' *Apocalypſe* we find,
According to th' Apoſtles mind,
'Tis that the *Whore of Babylon*
With many heads did ride upon;
Which Heads denote the ſinful Tribe
Of *Deacon*, *Prieſt*, *Lay-Elder*, *Scribe*.

Lay-

Lay-Elder, *Simeon* to *Levi*,
Whoſe little Finger is as heavy
As loins of Patriarchs, Prince-Prelate,
Archbiſhop-ſecular. This Zealot
Is of a mungrel, divers kind,
Clerick before, and *Lay* behind;
A Lawleſs *Linſy-woolſy Brother*,
Half of one Order, half another;
A Creature of Amphibious nature,
On Land a Beaſt, a Fiſh in Water;
That always preys on Grace, or Sin;
A Sheep without, a Wolf within.
This fierce Inquiſitor has chief
Dominion over Mens Belief
And Manners, can pronounce a *Saint*
Idolatrous, or Ignorant,
When ſuperciliouſly he ſifts
Thro' courſeſt Boulter others *gifts*.
For all Men live and judge amiſs
Whoſe *Talents* jump not juſt with his.
He'll lay on *Gifts* with hands, and place
On dulleſt noddle *light* and *grace*,

The

The manufacture of the *Kirk*,
Whoſe Paſtors are but th' Handywork
Of his Mechanick Paws, inſtilling
Divinity in them by feeling.
From whence they ſtart up *choſen Veſſels*,
Made by Contact, as Men get *Meazles*.
So *Cardinals*, they ſay, do grope
At th'other end the new made *Pope*.
Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras*, *Soft fire*,
They ſay, *does make ſweet Malt*. Good *Squire*,
Feſtina lente, not too faſt;
For *haſt* (the Proverb ſays) *makes waſte*.
The Quirks and Cavils thou doſt make
Are falſe, and built upon miſtake.
And I ſhall bring you, with your pack
Of *Fallacies*, t' *Elenchi* back;
And put your Arguments in mood
And Figure, to be underſtood.
I'll force you by right Ratiocination
To leave your *Vitilitigation*,
And make you keep to th' queſtion cloſe,
And argue *Dialecticws*.

The

The Queſtion then, to ſtate it firſt,
Is which is *better*, or which *worſt*,
Synods or *Bears*. *Bears* I avow
To be the worſt, and *Synods* thou.
But to make good th' Aſſertion,
Thou ſay'ſt th' are really *all one*.
If ſo, not *worſt*; for if th' are *idem*,
Why then *Tantundem dat tantidem*.
For if they are the *ſame*, by courſe
Neither is *better*, neither *worſe*.
But I deny they are the *ſame*,
More than a *Maggot* and *I* am.
That both are *Animalia*,
I grant, but not *Rationalia*:
For tho' they do agree in kind,
Specifick difference we find,
And can no more make *Bears* of theſe,
Than prove *my Horſe is Socrates*.
That *Synods* are *Bear-Gardens* too,
Thou doſt affirm; but I ſay no:
And thus I prove it, in a word,
Whats'ever *Aſſembly*'s not impowr'd

To

To *cenſure*, *curſe*, *abſolve*, and *ardain*'
Can be no *Synod*: But *Bear-garden*
Has no ſuch pow'r. *Ergo* 'tis none,
And ſo thy Sophiſtry's o'erthrown.
But yet we are beſide the Queſtion
Which thou didſt raiſe the firſt conteſt on;
For that was, Whether *Bears* are *better*
Than *Synod-Men*? I ſay *Negatur*.
That *Bears* and *Beaſts*, and *Synod-Men*,
Is held by all, They're *better* then.
For *Bears* and *Dogs* on *four* Legs go,
As *Beaſts*, but *Synod-men* on *Two*.
Tis true, they all have *Teeth* and *Nails*?
But prove that *Synod-men* have *tails*;
Or that a rugged, ſhagy *Fur*
Grows o'er the Hide of *Presbyter*;
Or that his *ſnout* and *ſpacious Ears*
Do hold proportion with a *Bear's*.
A *Bear's* a ſavage Beaſt, of all
Moſt ugly and unnatural,
Whelpt without form, until the Dam
Have lickt him into ſhape and frame,

But

But all thy *Light* can ne'er evict
That ever *Synod man* was *lickt*;
Or brought to any other Faſhion
Than his own Will and Inclination.
But thou doſt further yet in this
Oppugn thy ſelf and ſenſe, that is,
Thou wouldſt have *Presbyters* to go
For *Bears* and *Dogs* and *Bearwards* too;
A ſtrange *Chimera* of Beaſts and Men,
Made up of pieces Heterogene,
Such as in Nature never met
In eodem Subjecto yet.
Thy other Arguments are all
Suppoſures, Hypothetical,
That do but beg, and we may chuſe
Either to grant them, or refuſe.
Much thou haſt ſaid; which I know when,
And where, thou ſtol'ſt from other Men,
(Whereby 'tis Plain thy *Light* and *Gifts*
Are all but plagiary ſhifts;)
And is the ſame that *Ranter* ſed,
Who arguing with me, broke my head,

And tore a handful of my Beard:
The self-same Cavils then I heard,
VVhen b'ing in hot dispute about
This Controversie, we fell out;
And what thou know'st I answer'd then,
VVill serve to answer thee agen:
Quoth *Ralpho*, Nothing but th' abuse
Of *Humane Learning* you produce;
Learning, that Cobweb of the Brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain;
A trade of Knowledge as replete
As others are with fraud and cheat:
An Art t' incumber *Gifts* and VVit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes *light* unactive, dull and troubled,
Like little *David* in *Saul*'s Doublet:
A cheat that Scholars put upon
Other Mens reason and their own;
A Fort of Error, to ensconce
Absurdity and Ignorance;
That renders all the avenues
To Truth impervious and abstruse,

By

By making plain things, in debate,
By Art, perplext and intricate;
For nothing goes for Senſe or *Light*
That will not with old rules jump right.
As if Rules were not in the Schools
Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules.
This *Paagan*, *Heatheniſh* Invention
Is good for nothing but Contention.
For as in Sword-and-Buckler Fight,
All blows do on the Target light:
So when Men argue, the great'ſt part
O' th' Conteſt falls on terms of Art,
Until the Fuſtian ſtuff be ſpent,
And then they fall to th' Argument.
Quoth *Hudibras*, Friend *Ralph*, thou haſt
Out-run the Conſtable at laſt;
For thou art fallen on a new
Diſpute, as ſenſeleſs as untrue,
But to the former oppoſite,
And *contrary as black to white*;
Mere *Diſparata*, that concerning
Presbytery, this *Human Learning*;

To things s' averſe, they never yet
But in thy rambling fancy met.
But I ſhall take a fit occaſion
T' evince thee by Ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Than this w' are in: therefore let's ſtop here,
And reſt our weary'd bones a while,
Already tir'd with other toil.

Anno-

Annotations TO THE FIRST PART.

Canto I. Page 2.

That could as well bind o'er as ſwaddle.

BInd over to the Seſſions, as being a Juſtice of the Peace in his Country, as well as Colonel of a Regiment of Foot, in the Parliament's Army, and a Committee-Man.

Idem 3.

As Montaigne *playing with his Cat.*

Montaigne in his Eſſays ſuppoſes his Cat thought him a Fool, for loſing his time, in playing with her.

Idem 4.

Profoundly skill'd in Analytique.

Analytique is a part of *Logick*, that teaches to decline and conſtrue *Reaſon*, as *Grammar* does *Words*.

Idem 5.

A Babyloniſh Dialect.

A Confuſion of Languages, ſuch, as ſome of our Modern *Virtuoſi* us'd to expreſs themſelves in.

Idem 6.

That had the Orator who once.

Demoſthenes, who is ſaid to have a defect in his Pronunciation, which he cur'd by uſing to ſpeak with little Stones in his Mouth.

Idem 8.

He could reduce all things to Acts.

The old Philoſophers thought to extract Notions out of Natural things, as Chymiſts do Spirits and Eſſences, and when they had refin'd them into the Niceſt Subtilties, gave them as inſignificant Names, as thoſe Operators do their Extractions: But (as *Seneca* ſays) the ſubtiller things are render'd, they are but the nearer to Nothing. So are all their Definitions of things by Acts, the nearer to Nonſenſe.

Idem

Id. Ibid.

Where Truth in Perſon does appear.

Some Authors have miſtaken Truth for a Real thing, when it is nothing but a right method of putting thoſe Notions or Images of things (in the underſtanding of Man) into the ſame State and Order, that their Originals hold in Nature, and therefore *Ariſtotle* ſays, *unumquodque ſicut ſe habet ſecundum eſſe, ita ſe habet ſecundum veritatem.* Met. L. 2.

Id. Ibid.

Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.

Some report that in *Nova Zembla*, and *Greenland*, Mens Words are wont to be Frozen in the Air, and at the Thaw may be heard.

Idem. 9.

He knew the Seat of Paradiſe.

There is nothing more ridiculous than the various Opinions of Authors about the Seat of Paradiſe: Sir *Walter Raleigh* has taken a great deal of pains to Collect them, in the beginning of his *Hiſtory of the World*; where thoſe who are unſatisfied, may be fully inform'd.

Id. Ibid.

*By a High-*Dutch *Interpreter.*

Goropius Becanus endeavours to prove, that High-*Dutch* was the Language that *Adam* and *Eve* ſpoke in *Paradiſe.*

Id. Ibid.

If either of them had a Navel.

Adam and *Eve!* being made and not conceiv'd and form'd in the Womb, had no Navels, as ſome Learned Men have ſuppoſed, becauſe they had no need of them.

Id. Ibid.

Who firſt made Muſick Malleable.

Muſick is ſaid to be invented by *Pythagoras*, who firſt found out the Proportion of Notes, from the ſounds of Hammers upon an Anvil.

Idem 12.

Like Mahomet's *were Aſs and Widgeon.*

Mahomet had a tame Dove that uſed to pick Seeds out of his Ear, that it might be thought to whiſper and inſpire him. His Aſs was ſo intimate with him, the *Mahometans* believe it carry'd him to Heaven, and ſtays

ſtays there with him, to bring him back again.

Idem 14.

It was Canonique, and did grow
In Holy Orders by ſtrict Vow.

He made a Vow never to cut his *Beard*, until the Parliament had ſubdued the King, of which Order of Phanatique Votaries, there were many in thoſe times.

Idem 14.

So Learned Taliacotius, *&c.*

Taliacotius was an *Italian* Chirurgeon that found out a way to repair loſt and decay'd Noſes.

Idem p. 19.

But left the Trade, as many more
Have lately done, &c.

Oliver Cromwel and Colonel *Pride* had both been Brewers.

Idem p. 21.

That Cæſar's *Horſe, who, as Fame goes,*
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes.

Julius Cæſar had a Horſe with Feet like a Man's. *Utebatur equo inſigni, pedibus prope humanis, & in modum digitorum ungulis fiſſis.* Suet. *in* Jul. Cap. 61.

Idem

Idem p. 22.

The mighty Tyrian *Queen that gain'd*
With ſubtil ſhreds, a Tract of Land.

Dido Queen of *Carthage*, who bought as much Land as ſhe could Compaſs with an Ox's Hide, which ſhe cut into ſmall Thongs, and cheated the Owner of ſo much Ground, as ſerv'd her to build *Carthage* upon.

Idem p. 23.

As the bold Trojan *Knight, ſeen Hell.*

Æneas whom *Virgil* reports to uſe a Golden Bough, for a Paſs to Hell, and Taylors call that place Hell, where they put all they ſteal.

Idem p. 25.

In Magick, Taliſman, *and Cabal.*

Taliſman is a device to deſtroy any ſort of Vermin, by caſting their Images in Metal, in a preciſe Minute, when the Stars are perfectly inclin'd to do them all the miſchief they can, This has been Experimented by ſome Modern *Virtuoſi*, upon Rats, Mice, and Fleas, and found (as they affirm) to produce the Effect with admirable ſucceſs.

Ray-

Raymund Lully interprets *Cabal* out of the *Arabick* to ſignifie *Scientia ſuperabundans*, which his Commentator, *Cornelius Agrippa*, by over-magnifying, has rendered a very ſuperfluous Foppery.

Id. Ibid.

As far as Adam's *firſt Green-Breeches.*

The Author of *Magia Adamica* endeavours to prove the Learning of the Ancient *Magi*, to be deriv'd from that knowledge which God himſelf taught *Adam* in *Paradiſe*, before the Fall.

Id. Ibid.

And much of Terra Incognita,
The Intelligible World could ſay.

The Intelligible World is a kind of *Terra del Fuego*, or *Pſittacorum Regio*, diſcover'd only by the Philoſophers, of which they talk, like Parrots, what they do not underſtand.

Id. Ibid.

As Learn'd as the Wild-Iriſh are.

No Nation in the World is more addicted to this occult Philoſophy, than the Wild-Iriſh, as appears by the whole practice of their Lives, of which ſee *Camden* in his Deſcription of *Ireland*.

Idem

Idem p. 26.

In Roſy-Crucian *Lore as learned,*
As he that Vere Adeptus *earned.*

The Fraternity of the *Roſy Crucians*, is very like the Sect of the Ancient *Gnoſtici*, who call'd themſelves ſo, from the excellent Learning they pretended to, altho they were really the moſt ridiculous Sots of all Mankind.

Vere Adeptus, is one that has commenc'd in their Phanatique Extravagance.

Idem p. 30

Thou, that with Ale, or viler Liquors,
Didſt inſpire Withers, Pryn, *and* Vickars.

This *Vickars* was a Man of as great Intereſt and Authority in the late *Reformation*, as *Pryn*, or *VVithers*, and as able a Poet; He tranſlated *Virgil*'s *Æneids* into as horrible *Traveſty* in earneſt, as the French *Scaroon* did in *Burleſque*, and was only outdone in his Way by the Politique Author of *Oceana*.

Idem p. 33.

VVe that are wiſely mounted higher.

This Speech is ſet down as it was deliver'd by the Knight in is own words: But ſince it is below the Gravity of Heroical Poetry, to admit of Humour, but all Men are oblig'd

lig'd to ſpeak wiſely alike; And too much of ſo Extravagant a Folly would become tedious and impertinent: The reſt of his Harangues have only his Senſe expreſt, in other Words, unleſs in ſome few places, where his own Words could not be ſo well avoided.

Idem p. 35.
In Bloudy Cynarctomachy.

Cynarctomachy ſignifies nothing in the World, but a Fight between *Dogs* and *Bears*, though both the Learned and Ignorant agree, that in ſuch Words very great Knowledge is contained: And our Knight, as one, or both, of thoſe, was of the ſame Opinion.

Id. Ibid.
Of Force, we averruncate it.

Another of the ſame kind, which though it appear ever ſo Learned, and Profound, means nothing elſe but the Weeding of Corn.

Idem p. 36.
The Indians *fought for the Truth*
Of th' Elephant and Monkey's Tooth.

The Hiſtory of the White Elephant and the Monkey's Sooth, which the *Indians* ador'd, is written by Monſ. *le Blanc*. This Mon-

Monkey's Tooth was taken by the *Portugueſe* from thoſe that Worſhip'd it, and though they offer'd a vaſt Ranſom for it, yet the Chriſtians were perſwaded by their Prieſts, rather to burn it. But as ſoon as the Fire was kindled, all the people preſent were not able to endure the horrible ſtink that came from it, as if the Fire had been made of the ſame Ingredients, with which Sea-Men uſe to compoſe that kind of Granado's, which they call *Stinkards*.

Idem p. 37.

The Rage in them like Boute-ſeus.

Boute-ſeus, is a French Word, and therefore it were uncivil to ſuppoſe any Engliſh Perſon (eſpecially of Quality) ignorant of it, or ſo ill-bred as to need an Expoſition.

Idem p. 42.

'Tis ſung there is a Valiant Mammaluke.

Mammaluke's the Name of the Militia of the *Sultans* of *Egypt*, It ſignified a *Servant* or *Soldier*; they were commonly Captives, taken from among the *Chriſtians*, and inſtructed in Military Diſcipline, and did not marry; their Power was great, for, beſides that the *Sultans* were choſen out of their Body, they diſpos'd of the moſt Important Offices of the Kingdom; they were

were formidable about 200 Years, till at laſt *Selim*, *Sultan* of the *Turks*, routed them, and killed their *Sultan* near *Aleppo* 1516, and ſo put an end to the Empire of the *Mammalukes*, which had laſted 267 Years, *Paulus Jovius*, &c.

Idem p. 43.

Honour is like a Widow won.

Our *Engliſh* Proverbs are not impertinent to this purpoſe;

He that Wooes a Maid, muſt ſeldom come in her ſight,
But he that Wooes a Widow, muſt Woo her Day and Night;
He that Wooes a Maid, muſt Feign, Lie, and Flatter,
But he that Wooes a Widow, muſt down with his Breeches and at her.

This Proverb being ſomewhat Immodeſt, Mr. *Ray* ſays he would not have inſerted in his Collection, but that he met with it in a little Book, Entituled, the *Quakers Spiritual Court Proclaimed*, Written by *Nathaniel Smith*, Student in Phyſick; wherein the Author mentions it as Counſel given him by *Hilkiah Bedford*, an Eminent *Quaker* in *London*; who would have had him to have married a Rich Widow, in whoſe Houſe he lodged. In Caſe he could get her, this *Nathaniel Smith* had promiſed *Hilkiah*

a Chamber *gratis*; the whole Narrative is worth the Reading.

Canto II. p. 47.

As Indian Britans *are from* Penguins.

The *American Indians* call a great Bird they have, with a White Head, a *Penguin*, which ſignifies the ſame thing in the *Britiſh* Tongue: From whence (with other Words of the ſame kind) ſome Authors have endeavour'd to prove, That the *Americans* are Originally deriv'd from the *Britans*.

Idem p. 57.

And though his Country-Men the Huns.

This Cuſtom of the *Huns* is deſcrib'd by *Ammianus Marcellinus*. *Hunni Semicruda cujuſvis Pecoris carne veſcuntur, quam inter femora ſua & equorum terga ſubſertam, fotu calefaciunt brevi.* Pag. 686.

Id. Ibid.

---He 'ſpous'd in India,
Of Noble Houſe a Lady gay.

The ſtory in *La Blanc*, of a *Bear* that Married a King's Daughter, is no more ſtrange than many others in moſt Travellers, that paſs with allowance; for if they ſhould write nothing but what is poſſible, or probable, they might appear to have loſt

loſt their labour and obſerved nothing, but what they might have done as well at home.

Idem p. 60.

In Magick he was deeply read,
As he that made the Brazen-head;
Profoundly skill'd in the Black-Art
As Engliſh Merlin *for his heart.*

Roger Bacon and *Merlin*, ſee *Collier's* Dictionary.

Idem p. 61.

As Joan *of* France *or* Engliſh Mall.

Two Notorious Women, the laſt was known here by the Name of *Mall Cutpurſe.*

Idem p. 62.

They would not ſuffer the ſtout'ſt Dame
To ſwear by Hercules's *Name.*

The Old *Romans* had particular Oaths for Men and Women to ſwear by, and therefore *Macrobius* ſays, *Viri per Caſtorem non jurabant antiquitùs, nec Mulieres per Herculem, Ædepol autem juramentum erat tam mulieribus, quam viris commune,* &c.

Id. Ibid.

As ſtout Armida, *bold* Thaleſtris.

Two formidable Women at Arms in Romances, that were cudgel'd into Love by their Gallants.

Id. Ibid.

Than th' Amazonian *Dame* Pentheſile.

Pentheſilea Queen of the *Amazons*, ſucceeded *Orithya*; ſhe carry'd Succours to the *Trojans*, and after having given Noble Proofs of her Bravery, was Kill'd by *Achilles*. *Pliny* ſaith, it was ſhe that invented the Battel-Ax; If any one deſire to know more of the *Amazons*, let him read Mr. *Sanſon*.

Id. Ibid.

Of Gundibert, *&c.*

Gundibert is a feign'd Name made uſe of by Sir *William D'avenant*, in his Famous Epick Poem ſo called; wherein you may find alſo that of his Miſtreſs. This Poem was deſign'd by the Author to be an Imitation of the *Engliſh Drama*; it being divided into Five Books, as the other is into Five Acts; the *Canto's* to be parallel of the Scenes, with this difference; that this is delivered Narratively, the other Dialogue-wiſe. It was uſher'd into the World

World by a large Preface written by Mr. *Hobb's*, and by the Pens of two of our best Poets, *viz.* Mr. *Waller*, and Mr. *Cowley*, which one would have thought might have prov'd a sufficient Defence and Protection against Snarling Criticks. Notwithstanding which, Four Eminent Wits of that Age (two of which were Sir *John Denham*, and Mr. *Donne*,) publish'd several Copies of Verses to Sir *William's* Discredit, under this Title, *Certain Verses written by several of the Authors Friends, to be Reprinted with the Second Edition of* Gundibert, in 8vo. *Lond.* 1653. These Verses were as wittily answer'd by the Author under this Title, *The Incomparable Poem of* Gundibert, *Vindicated from the Wit-Combat of Four Esquires*, Clinias, Damætas, Sancho, *and* Jack-Pudding; Printed in 8vo. *Lond.* 1655. v. *Langbain's Account of Dramatick Poets.*

Idem p. 67.
What Oestrum, *&c.*

Oestrum is only a *Greek* Word for Madness, but signifies also a Gad-Bee, or Horse-Fly, that torments Cattel in the Summer, and makes 'em run about as if they were mad.

Idem p. 68.

Wore in their Hats like Wedding Garters.

Some few days after the King had accus'd the Five Members of Treaſon in the Houſe of Commons; great Crouds of the Rabble came down to *Weſtminſter-Hall*, with Printed Copies of the Proteſtation, ty'd in their Hats like Favours.

Id. Ibid.

When 'twas reſolv'd by either Houſe,
Six Members quarrel to eſpouſe.

The Six Members were the Lord *Kimbolton*, Mr. *Pym*, Mr. *Hollis*, Mr. *Hambden*, Sir *Arthur Haſelrig*, and Mr. *Stroud*, whom the King ordered to be apprehended, and their Papers ſeized; charging them of plotting with the *Scots*, and favouring the late Tumults; but the Houſe voted againſt the arreſt of their Perſons or Papers; whereupon the King having preferred Articles againſt thoſe Members, he went with his Guard to the Houſe to demand them, but they having Notice withdrew.

Idem p. 70.

Make that Sarcaſmus Scandal true!

Abuſive or inſulting had been better, but our

our *Knight* believ'd the Learned Languages more convenient to underſtand in, than his own Mother-Tongue.

Idem. p. 74.

And is indeed the ſelf ſame Caſe,
With theirs that ſwore t' Et cæteras.

The Convocation, in one of the ſhort Parliaments that uſher'd in the long one (as Dwarfs are wont to do Knight Errants) made an Oath to be taken by the Clergy for obſerving of Canonical Obedience; in which they enjoin'd their Brethren, out of the abundance of their Conſciences, to Swear to Articles with &c.

Id. Ibid.

Or the French League, *in which Men vow'd,*
To fight to the laſt drop of Blood.

The Holy *League* in *France*, deſign'd and made for the Extirpation of the *Proteſtant Religion*, was the *Original*, out of which the *Solemn League* and *Covenant* here, was (with difference only of Circumſtances) moſt faithfully tranſcrib'd. Nor did the ſucceſs of both differ more than the Intent and Purpoſe; for after the deſtruction of vaſt numbers of People of all ſorts, both ended with the Murder of two Kings, whom they had both Sworn to defend: And as our Covenanters Swore every Man, to run one before

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another in the way of Reformation. So did the *French* in the Holy *League*, to fight to the laſt drop of Bloud.

Canto III. p. 105.
Firſt Trulla *ſtav'd, and* Cerdon *tail'd.*

Staving and Tailing are terms of Art us'd in the *Bear-Garden*, and ſignifie there only the parting of *Dogs* and *Bears*: Tho' they are us'd Metaphorically in ſeveral other Profeſſions, for moderating, as Law, Divinity, Hectoring, *&c.*

Idem p. 106.
Or like the late corrected Leathern
Ears of the Circumciſed Brethren.

Pryn, *Baſtwyck*, and *Burton*, who laid down their Ears as Proxies for their Profeſſion of the Godly Party, who not long after maintain'd their Right and Title to the Pillory, to be as good and lawful, as theirs, who firſt of all took poſſeſſion of it in their Names.

Idem p. 114.
That old Pygmalion, *&c.*

Pygmalion King of *Tyre*, was the Son of *Matgenus* or *Methres*, whom he ſucceeded and lived 56 Years, whereof he Reign'd 47. *Dido* his Siſter was to have Governed with him, but it was pretended the Sub-

Subjects thought it not convenient; ſhe married *Sichæus*, who was the King's Uncle, and very Rich, wherefore he put him to Death; and *Dido* ſoon after departed the Kingdom. Poets ſay, *Pygmalion* was Puniſhed for the Hatred he bore to Women, with the Love he had to a Statue.

Idem p. 150.

By him that baited the Pope's Bull.

A Learned Divine in King *James*'s time wrote a Polemick Work againſt the Pope, and gave it That unlucky Nick-Name, of *The Pope's Bull Baited.*

Idem p. 152.

Canonical Crabat of Smec.

Smectymnuus was a Club of 5 Parliamentary Holders-forth, the Characters of whoſe Names and Talents were by themſelves expreſt, in that ſenſeleſs and inſignificant word; They wore Handkerchiefs about their Necks for a Note of Diſtinction, (as the Officers of the Parliament-Army then did) which afterwards degenerated into Carnal Crabats. About the beginning of the Long-Parliament in the Year 1641, theſe Five wrote a Book againſt Epiſcopacy and the Common-Prayer, to which they all Subſcrib'd their Names; being **Stephen Marſhall, Edmund Calamy,**

my, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcommen, William Spurstow, and from thence they and their Followers were called *Smectymnuans*. They are Remarkable for another Pious Book, which they wrote some time after that, entitul'd, *The King's Cabinet Unlock'd*, wherein all the Chast and Endearing Expressions, in the Letters that pass'd betwixt his Majesty King *Charles* I. and his Royal Consort; are by these Painful Labourers in the Devil's Vineyard, turn'd into Burlesque and Ridicule: Their Books were answered with as much Calmness and Genteelness of Expression, and as much Learning and Honesty, by the Reverend Mr. *Symonds*, then a depriv'd Clergyman, as theirs was stuff'd with Malice, Spleen, and Rascally Invectives.

Idem p. 156.

So Cardinals they say do grope
At t'other End the New made Pope.

This relates to the Story of Pope *Joan*, who was call'd *John* VIII. *Platina* saith she was of *English* Extraction, but born at *Mentz*; who having Disguised her self like a Man, travell'd with her Paramour to *Athens*, where she made such Progress in Learning, that coming to *Rome*, she met with few that could equal her, so that on the Death of Pope *Leo* IV. she was chosen to succeed him; but being got with Child

Child by one of her Domeſticks, her Travel came upon her, between the *Coloſſian* Theatre and St. *Clements*, as ſhe was going to the Lateran Church, and died upon the Place, having Sat two Years, one Month and four Days, and was buried there without any Pomp. He owns, that for Shame of this, the Popes decline going through this Street to the Lateran; and, that to avoid the like Error, when any Pope is plac'd in the *Porphyry* Chair, his Genitals are felt by the Youngeſt Deacon, through a Hole made for that Purpoſe; but he ſuppoſes the Reaſon of that to be, to put him in mind that he is a Man, and Obnoxious to the Neceſſities of Nature; whence he will have that Seat to be called, *Sedes Stercoraria*.

Id. Ibid.

And leave your Vitilitigation.

Vitilitigation, is a Word the *Knight* was Paſſionately in Love with, and never fail'd to uſe it upon all poſſible Occaſions, and therefore to omit it, when it fell in the way, had argu'd too great a Neglect of his Learning and Parts, though it means no more than a perverſe Humour of Wrangling.

Idem

Idem p. 161.
Mere Diſparata, *&c.*

Diſparata, are things ſeparate and unlike from the *Latin* Word *Diſparo.*

Some

SOME Additional ANNOTATIONS TO THE FIRST PART.

Canto I. p. 1.
When Civil Dudgeon, *&c.*

Dudgeon. Who made the Alterations in the laſt Editions of this Poem I know not, but they are certainly ſometimes for the worſe, and I cannot believe the Author would have chang'd a Word ſo proper in that Place, as *Dudgeon* is, for that of *Fury*, as it is in the laſt Editions; *To take in Dudgeon*, is inwardly to reſent ſome Injury or Affront, a ſort of Grumbling in the Gizard, and what is previous to Actual Fury.

Idem p 4.
To make ſome think him Circumcis'd.

Here again is an Alteration without any Amendment, for the following Lines,

And truly ſo he was perhaps,
Not as a Proſelyte, *but for Claps.*

Are

Are thus changed;

And truly ſo, perhaps he was,
'Tis many a Pious Chriſtian's caſe.

The Heathens had an odd Opinion, and gave a ſtrange Reaſon why *Moſes* impos'd the Law of Circumciſion on the *Jews*, which, how untrue ſoever, I will give the Learned Reader an Account of, without Tranſlation, as I find it in the Annotations upon *Horace*, wrote by my Worthy and Learned Friend Mr. *William Baxter*, the great Reſtorer of the Ancient, and Promoter of Modern Learning.

Hor. Sat. 9. Sermon. Lib. I.

Curtis; Quia pelliculâ imminuti ſunt: quia Moſes Rex Judæorum, cujus Legibus reguntur, negligentiâ φιμωθεὶς medicinaliter exſectus eſt, & ne ſolus eſſet notabilis, omnes circumcidi voluit. Vet. Schol. Vocem φιμωθεὶς quæ inſcitâ Librarii exciderat repoſuimus ex conjecturâ, uti & *medicinaliter exſectus* pro *medicinalis effectus* quæ nihili erant. Quis miretur ejuſmodi convicia homini Epicureo atque Pagano excidiſſe? Jure igitur Henrico Glareano Diaboli Organum videtur. Etiam Satyrâ Quintâ hæc habet; *Conſtat omnia miracula certâ ratione fieri, de quibus Epicurei prudentiſſimè diſputant.*

Idem

Idem p. 6.
Or Cerberus *himſelf*, &c.

Cerberus; A Name which Poets gave a Dog with 3 Heads, which they feign'd Door-Keeper of Hell, that careſs'd the Unfortunate Souls ſent thither, and devour'd them that would get out again; yet *Hercules* ty'd him up, and made him follow. This Dog with 3 Heads denotes the Paſt, the Preſent, and the Time to come; which receive, and as it were devour all things. *Hercules* got the better of him, which ſhews that Heroick Actions are always Victorious over Time, becauſe they are preſent in the Memory of Poſterity.

Idem p. 7.
Than Tycho Brahe *or* Erra Pater.

Tycho Brahe, was an Eminent *Daniſh* Mathematician. Quer. in *Collier's* Dictionary, or elſewhere.

Id. Ibid.
Whatever Sceptick *could enquire for.*

Sceptick. *Pyrrho* was the chief of *Sceptick* Philoſophers, and was at firſt, as *Apollodorus* ſaith, a Painter, then became the Hearer of *Driſo*, and at laſt the Diſciple of *Anaxagoras*, whom he followed into *India* to ſee the

Gymno-

Gymnoſophiſts. He pretended that Men did nothing but by Cuſtom, that there was neither Honeſty, nor Diſhoneſty, Juſtice nor Injuſtice, Good nor Evil. He was very Solitary, lived to be 90 Years Old, was highly Eſteemed in his Country, and created Chief Prieſt. He lived in the Time of *Epicurus* and *Theophraſtus*, about the 120 *Olympiad.* His Followers were called *Pyrrhonians*, beſides which they were named the *Ephecticks*, and *Aphoreticks*, but more generally *Scepticks.* This Sect made their chiefeſt Good to conſiſt in a Sedateneſs of Mind, exempt from all Paſſions; in regulating their Opinions and moderating their Paſſions, which they called *Ataxia* and *Metriopathia*, and in ſuſpending their Judgment in regard of Good or Evil, Truth or Falſhood, which they called *Epochi.* *Sixtus Empiricus*, who liv'd in the Second Century under the Emperour *Antoninus Pius*, writ ten Books againſt the Mathematicians, or Aſtrologers, and three of the *Pyrrhonian* Opinion. The Word is derived from the *Greek* σκέπτεσθαι quod eſt *conſiderare, ſpeculari.*

Idem p. 8.

In School-Divinity as able
As he that hight Irrefragable, &c.

Here again is another Alteration of three or four Lines, as I think, for the worſe.

Some

Some ſpecifick Epithets were added to the Title of ſome famous Doctors, as *Angelicus*, *Seraphicus*, *Irrefragabilis*, *Subtilis*, &c. Vide *Voſſii Etymolog.* *Baillet Jugemens de Scavans*, & *Poſſevin's Apparatus.*

Idem Ibid.

A ſecond Thomas, *or at once*
To name them all, another Duns,

Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican Fryar, was born in 1224. ſtudied at *Cologne* and *Paris*. He new-modell'd the School-Divinity, and was therefore called the *Angelick Doctor* and *Eagle of Divines*. The moſt illuſtrious Perſons of his Time were ambitious of his Friendſhip, and put a high Value on his Merits, ſo that they offer'd him Biſhopricks, which he refuſed with as much Ardor as others ſeek after them. He died in the fiftieth year of his Age, and was canonized by Pope *John* XXII. We have his Works in 18 Volumes, ſeveral times printed.

Johannes Dunſcotus was a very Learned Man, who lived about the End of the thirteenth and Beginning of the fourteenth Century. The *Engliſh* and *Scots* ſtrive which of them ſhall have the Honour of his Birth. The *Engliſh* ſay he was born in *Northumberland*; the *Scots* allege he was born at *Duns* in the *Mers*, the neighbouring County to *Northumberland*, and hence was called

led *Dunſcotus*; *Moreri*, *Buchanan*, and other *Scotch* Hiſtorians are of this Opinion, and for Proof cite his Epitaph;

Scotia me genuit, Anglia ſuſcepit,
Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.

He died at *Cologne Novemb.* 8th 1308. In the Supplement to Dr. *Cave*'s *Hiſtoria Literaria*, he is ſaid to be extraordinary Learned, in Phyſicks, Metaphyſicks, Mathematicks, and Aſtronomy; that his Fame was ſo great when at *Oxford*, that 30000 Scholars came thither to hear his Lectures; that when at *Paris*, his Arguments and Authority carried it for the Immaculate Conception of the B. Virgin; ſo that they appointed a Feſtival on that Account, and would admit no Scholars to Degrees, but ſuch as were of this Mind. He was a great Oppoſer of *Thomas Aquinas*'s Doctrine; and for being a very acute Logician, was called *Doctor Subtilis*, which was the Reaſon alſo that an old Punſter always call'd him the *Lathy Doctor*.

Id. Ibid.

As tough as Learned Sorboniſt.

Sorbon was the firſt and moſt conſiderable College of the Univerſity of *Paris*; founded in the Reign of St. *Lewis*, by *Robert Sorbon*, which Name is ſometimes given

given to the whole Univerſity of *Paris*, which was founded about the Year 741, by *Charlemaigne*, at the Perſuaſion of the Learned *Alcuines*, who was one of the firſt Profeſſors there; ſince which Time it has been very Famous. This College has been Rebuilt with an Extraordinary Magnificence, at the Charge of the Cardinal *Richlieu*, and contains Lodgings for 36 Doctors, who are called the *Society of Sorbon*. Thoſe which are received among them before they have received their Doctors Degree, are only ſaid to be of the *Hoſpitality of Sorbon*. Claud. Hemeraus de Acad. *Paris*. Spondan. in Annal.

Idem p. 14.
So Learned Taliacotius *from*.

This *Taliacotius* was chief Surgeon to the great Duke of *Tuſcany*, and wrote a Treatiſe, *De Curtis Membris*, which he Dedicates to his great Maſter, wherein he not only declares the Methods of his Wonderful Operations, in Reſtoring of loſt Members, but gives you Cuts of the very Inſtruments and Ligatures he made uſe of therein; from hence our Author (*cum Poeticâ Licentiâ*) has taken this *Simile*.

Id. Ibid.

For as Æneas *bore his Sire.*

Æneas was Son of *Anchiſes* and *Venus*; a *Trojan*, who after long Travels came into *Italy*, and after the Death of his Father-in-Law, *Latinus* was made King of *Latium*, and Reigned 3 Years; his Story is too long to inſert here, and therefore I refer you to *Virgil's Æneids*. *Troy* being laid in Aſhes, he took his Aged Father *Anchiſes* upon his Back, and reſcued him from his Enemies: but being too Solicitous for his Son and Houſhold Gods, he loſt his Wife *Creuſa*; which Mr. *Dryden* in his Excellent Tranſlation thus expreſſeth,

Haſte, my Dear Father, ('tis no time to wait,)
And load my Shoulders with a willing Fraight.
What e'er befals, your Life ſhall be my care
One Death, or one Deliverance we will ſhare.
My Hand ſhall lead our little Son, and you
My Faithfull Conſort, ſhall our Steps purſue.

Idem

Idem p. 17.
For Arthur *wore in Hall.*

Who this *Arthur*, was, and whether any ever Reign'd in *Britain*, has been doubted heretofore, and is by ſome to this very Day. However, the Hiſtory of him which makes him one of the Nine Wonders of the World, is a Subject ſufficient for the Poet to be Pleaſant upon.

Idem p. 18.
——Toledo *truſty.*

The Capital City of *New-Caſtile* in *Spain*, with an Archbiſhoprick and Primacy: It was very Famous, amongſt other things, for tempering the beſt Metal for Swords, &c. as *Damaſcus* was, and perhaps may be ſtill.

Idem p. 25.
As three or four-legg'd Oracle.

Read the Great *Geographical Dictionary*, under that Word.

Idem p. 26.
Or Sir Agrippa——

They who would know more of Sir *Cornelius Agrippa* here meant, may conſult the great Dictionary.

Id. Ibid.

He Anthropoſophus *and* Floud,
And Jacob Behmen *underſtood.*

Anthropoſophus is only a compound *Greek* Word, which ſignifies a Man that is Wiſe in the Knowledge of Men, and is us'd by ſome Anonymous Author to conceal his true Name.

Dr. *Floud* was a ſort of an *Engliſh Roſy-Crucian*, whoſe Works are Extant, and as Intelligible as thoſe of *Jacob Behmen*.

Idem p. 42.

'Tis ſung there is a Valiant Mammaluke.

No Queſtion but the Rhime to *Mammaluke*, was meant Sir *Samuel Luke*, of whom in the Preface. Vid. p. 172. of the foregoing Annotations.

Canto II. p. 46.

That is to ſay, whether Tollutation,
As they do term't, or Succuſſation.

Tollutation and *Succuſſation*, are only *Latin* Words for Ambling and Trotting, tho I believe both were natural amongſt the Old *Romans*; ſince I never read, they made uſe of the Tramel, or any other Art to pace their Horſes.

The

Idem p. 47.
The dire Pharſalian *Plain*, &c.

Pharſalia is a City of *Theſſaly*, Famous for the Battel won by *Julius Cæſar* againſt *Pompey* the Great in the Neighbouring Plains, in the 607 Year of *Rome*; of which read *Lucan's Pharſalia*.

Idem p. 50.
Chiron, *that four-legg'd Bard*, &c.

Chiron, a *Centaure* Son to *Saturn* and *Phillyris*, lived in the Mountains, when being much given to Hunting, he became very knowing in the Virtues of Plants, and one of the Famouſeſt Phyſicians of his Time. He imparted his Skill to *Æſculapius*, and was afterwards *Achilles*'s Governour, until being Wounded by *Hercules*, and deſiring to die, *Jupiter* placed him in Heaven, where he forms the Sign of *Sagittarius* or the *Archer*.

Id. Ibid.
In Staffordſhire, *where Virtuous Worth*
Does raiſe the Miniſtreſy, not Birth, &c.

The whole Hiſtory of this Ancient Ceremony, you may read at large in Dr. *Plot*'s Hiſtory of *Staffordſhire*, under the Town *Tuthury*.

Idem

Idem p. 51.
Grave as the Emperour of Pegu.

For the Hiſtory of *Pegu*, read *Mandelſo* and *Olearius*'s Travels.

Idem p. 52.
In Military Garden Paris.

Paris Garden in *Southwark*, took its Name from the Poſſeſſor.

Idem p. 55.
Though by Promethean *Fire made.*

Promethean Fire. *Prometheus* was the Son of *Japetas*, and Brother of *Atlas*, concerning whom the Poets have feign'd, that having firſt formed Men of the Earth and Water, he ſtole Fire from Heaven, to put Life into them; and that having thereby diſpleaſed *Jupiter*, he Commanded *Vulcan* to tie him to Mount *Caucaſus* with Iron Chains, and that a *Vultur* ſhould prey upon his Liver continually; but the Truth of the Story is, that *Prometheus* was an Aſtrologer, and conſtant in obſerving the Stars upon that Mountain, and that among other things, he found the Art of making Fire, either by the means of a Flint, or by contracting the Sun Beams in a Glaſs. *Bochart* will

will have *Magog* in the Scripture, to be the *Prometheus* of the *Pagans*.

He here and before Sarcaſtically derides thoſe who were great Admirers of the Sympathetick Powder and Weapon Salve; which were in great Repute in thoſe Days, and much promoted by the Great Sir *Kenelm Digby*, who wrote a Treatiſe *ex profeſſo* on that Subject, and I believe thought what he wrote to be true; which ſince has been almoſt exploded out of the World.

Idem p. 56.

And 'mong the Coſſacks *had been bred.*

Coſſacks are a People that live near *Poland*. This Name was given them for their extraordinary Nimbleneſs; for *Coſa* or *Koſa* in the *Poliſh* Tongue, ſignifies a Goat. He that would know more of them, may read *La Laboreur* and *Thuldenus*.

Canto III. p. 141.

For as the French, *we conquer'd once,*
Now give us Laws for Pantaloons, *&c.*

Pantaloons and *Port-Canons*, were ſome of the Fantaſtick Faſhions, wherein we Ap'd the *French*.

At quiſquis Inſulâ ſatus Britannicâ,
Sic patriam inſolens faſtidiet ſuam,

Ut

Ut more ſimiæ laboret fingere,
Et æmulari Gallicas ineptias,
Ex amne Gallo *ego hunc opinor ebrium,*
Ergo ex Britanno, ut Gallus eſſe nititur,
Sic Dii jubete, fiat ex Gallo Capus.
Tho. More.

Gallus is a River of *Phrygia*, riſing out of the Mountains of *Celenæ*, and diſcharging it ſelf into the River *Sanger*, the Water of which is of that admirable Quality, that being moderately drank, it purges the Brain, and cures Madneſs; but largely drank, it makes Men Frantick. *Pliny*, *Horrarius*.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ERRATA.

PAge 16. l. 20. r. *their*. p. 26. l. 6. r. *That*. l. 14. r. *Rope*. p. 27. l. 13. r. *Foretel*. p. 40. l. 2. r. *To*. p. 45. l. 11 r. *Valours*. l. 13. r. *Wild*. p. 49. l. 17. r. *Diſpoſe*. l. 18. r. *Knot of Nooſe*. l. 22. r. *Sowſe*. p. 58. l. 5. r. *Inur'd*. p. 63. l. 5. r. *Renown'd*. p. 64. l. 10. r. *Ram* p. 66. l. 9. r. *From*. p. 67. l. 14. r. *and*. l. 22. d. *we*. p. 69. l. 9. r. *Old Boots and Shoes*. p. 70. l. 2. r. *too*. p. 72. r. *twice many*. p. 75. r. *Meazel'd*. p. 84. l. 20. r. *Felt*. p. 88. l. 9. r. *Poſt*. p. 102. l. 17. r. *too*.